# HARPER'S WEEKLY.
## A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

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Harper & Brothers.

### BEAUTIFUL SNOW.

Oh! the snow, the beautiful snow,
Filling the sky and the earth below;
Over the house-tops, over the street,
Over the heads of the people you meet;
Dancing,
Flirting,
Skimming along.
Beautiful snow! it can do nothing wrong.
Flying to kiss a fair lady's cheek;
Clinging to lips in a frolicsome freak.
Beautiful snow, from the heavens above,
Pure as an angel and fickle as love!

Oh! the snow, the beautiful snow!
How the flakes gather and laugh as they go!
Whirling about in its maddening fun,
It plays in its glee with every one.
Chasing,
Laughing,
Hurrying by,
It lights up the face and it sparkles the eye;
And even the dogs, with a bark and a bound,
Snap at the crystals that eddy around.
The town is alive, and its heart in a glow
To welcome the coming of beautiful snow.
How the wild crowd goes swaying along,
Hailing each other with humor and song!
How the gay sledges like meteors flash by—
Bright for a moment, then lost to the eye.
Ringing,
Swinging,
Dashing they go
Over the crest of the beautiful snow:
Snow so pure when it falls from the sky,
To be trampled in mud by the crowd rushing by:
To be trampled and tracked by the thousands of feet
Till it blends with the filth in the horrible street.

Once I was pure as the snow—but I fell:
Fell, like the snow-flakes, from heaven—to hell:
Fell, to be tramped as the filth of the street;
Fell, to be scoffed, to be spit on, and beat.
Pleading,
Cursing,
Dreading to die,
Selling my soul to whoever would buy,
Dealing in shame for a morsel of bread,
Hating the living and fearing the dead.
Merciful God! have I fallen so low?
And yet I was once like this beautiful snow!

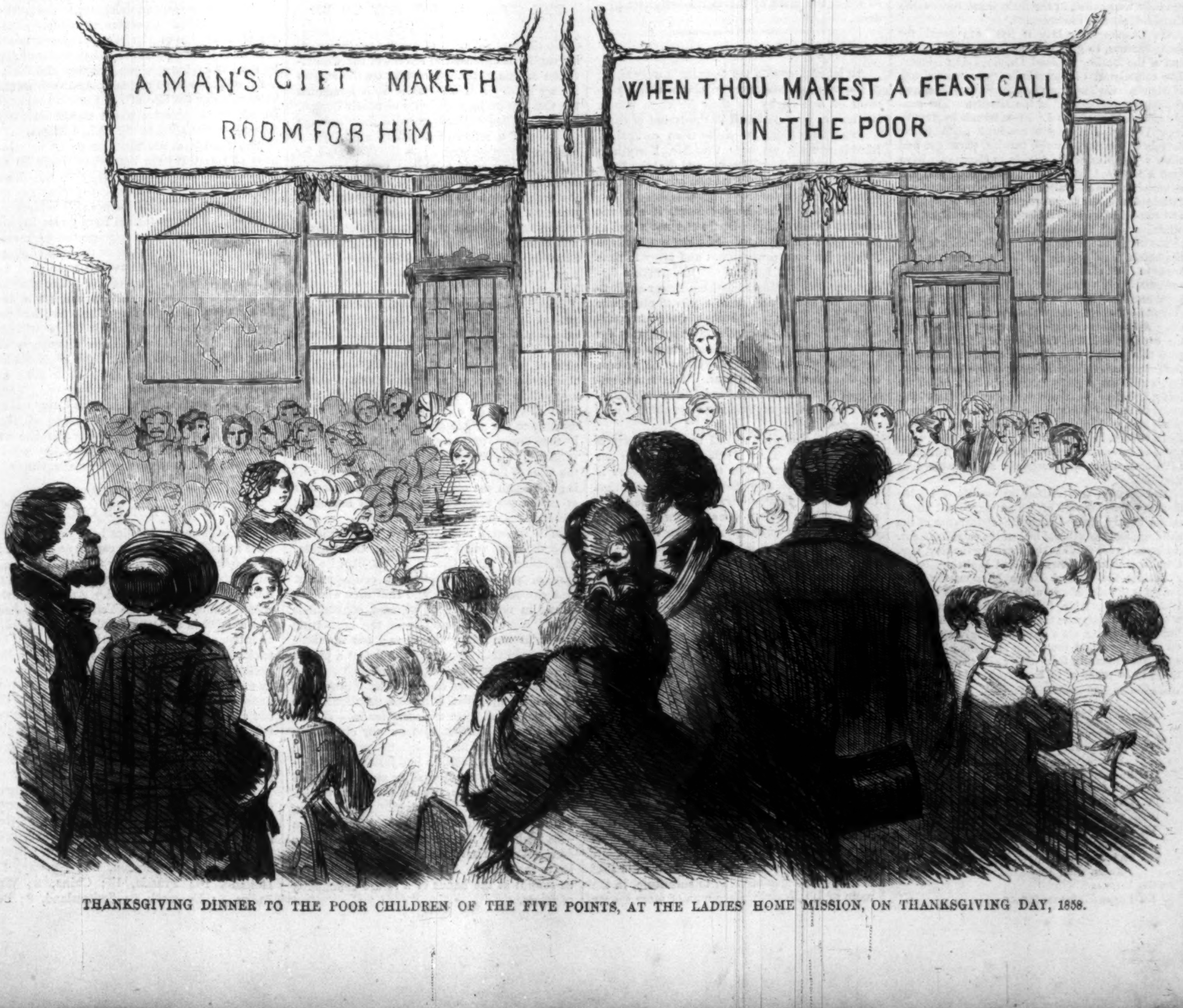
Once I was fair as the beautiful snow,
With an eye like its crystals, a heart like its glow;
Once I was loved for my innocent grace—
Flattered and sought for the charm of my face.
Father,
Mother,
Sisters all,
God, and myself, I have lost by my fall.
The veriest wretch that goes shivering by
Will take a wide sweep, lest I wander too nigh;
For of all that is on or about me, I know
There is nothing that's pure but the beautiful snow.

How strange it should be that this beautiful snow
Should fall on a sinner with nowhere to go!
How strange it would be, when the night comes again,
If the snow and the ice struck my desperate brain!
Fainting,
Freezing,
Dying alone!
Too wicked for prayer, too weak for my moan
To be heard in the crash of the crazy town,
Gone mad in their joy at the snow's coming down;
To lie and to die in my terrible woe,
With a bed and a shroud of the beautiful snow!

### THE THANKSGIVING DINNER OF THE FIVE POINTS CHILDREN.

We engrave below one of the most interesting scenes of city life—the dinner which is given annually on Thanksgiving Day to the children of the Five Points by the Ladies' Home Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Many hundreds of our readers doubtless visited the building and witnessed the happy feast of the little ones on Thursday last; thousands who were not present read of the scene in the daily papers.

The Five Points Mission was established some years since by some charitable ladies of New York, aided by their male acquaintances. A small building was hired, opposite the Old Brewery, and therein school was held, and relief, food, clothing, and soap and water were freely offered to all poor children. The scheme was a bold one. At that time the Five Points were the nucleus of New York vice and crime. Pickpockets, burglars, prostitutes, murderers, and malefactors of every hue made the Five Points their head-quarters. They naturally regarded the reformers with an evil eye. Menaces of vengeance against the disturbers of their peace were not wanting. Still the ladies who had started the enterprise prosecuted it with unflagging courage, and month by month their sphere of usefulness expanded. Even the very reprobates of the vicinity, finding that the ladies of the Mission sought nothing beyond the good of the children to whom they offered hospitality, forbore to insult them, and secretly wished them well. After a time it became obvious to the principal lady-manager, Mrs. Deuel, that the building occupied by the Mission was inadequate; a more commodious edifice was essential to the fulfillment of the aim of the Mission. At a meeting of the friends of the enterprise this energetic lady confided her views to the eminent Christian and capitalist, Daniel Drew. He espoused them with warmth; and mainly through his exertions the Old Brewery building—the nest of some four to five hundred of the poorest and worst class of our population—was purchased by the Mission. Workmen were at once engaged to fit the establishment for its new uses; and, in a short time, convenient school-rooms, a neat chapel, and suitable offices were contrived. At the present time the Mission is doing a world of good. It is one of the largest and most admirable benevolent institutions in the country. Some three hundred and fifty-one children, of both sexes, are educated daily in the building, and every few weeks a batch of poor little ones are sent out


A MAN'S GIFT MAKETH ROOM FOR HIM
WHEN THOU MAKEST A FEAST CALL IN THE POOR

THANKSGIVING DINNER TO THE POOR CHILDREN OF THE FIVE POINTS, AT THE LADIES' HOME MISSION, ON THANKSGIVING DAY, 1858.

West, under the charge of one of the missionaries. Thus, as things are managed at present, the Five Points, instead of being a nursery of vice and crime, is really furnishing the West with some of their best settlers. The building of the Ladies' Home Mission is spacious and well ventilated. There are two large school-rooms—one for very juvenile pupils; the other for scholars of more mature growth. Both are usually filled. We can testify to the happy and cleanly appearance of the pupils.

Here the Gospel is preached to the poor, and many have received it as tidings of great joy. Many who have drifted to this gulf of despair—this lowest point of wretchedness—have here had their crazy barks refitted, and with new hope have begun again the voyage of life. The records of the missionary present glimpses of fearful tragedies; the terrible present almost effacing the remembrance of the past of promise. Men who have enjoyed an elegant sufficiency are here brought, by that mighty leveler, Intemperance, to the hunger and cold of a garret in the Five Points; women daintily nurtured are found in the extreme of poverty and suffering; yea, there are sometimes to be found here men who have graduated at our colleges and taught in our public assemblies, who have lost all self-respect, all manhood, and who live but to gratify the thirst that has ruined them.

Many striking and touching anecdotes are told by the friends of the Mission. One boy, instructed in the Mission-school, and now employed as clerk in a store, wrote an earnest letter to his intemperate father. The father left his apple stand, and had the letter read to him in the opposite store, and his heart was so touched when he learned whence it came, that he at once came to the Mission and took the pledge.

There are deeds, too, of Christian charity and love wrought by these Mission children. A little orphan boy, beaten and cruelly used by the man who claimed authority over him, ran away, and slept for many nights in a wagon, fed by these ministering children. One of them took him home with her, and made up a little bed in the corner of the room for the little stranger, and then brought him to the Mission-school. There he would have been sheltered, and fed, and taught, and clothed; but, during the missionary's absence, the man who claimed the poor child came to the school and demanded him, and carried him off to his miserable home, whence the Mission may still rescue him.

Five hundred have been sent to the West, and the most cheering reports are received from them. One boy, who had no home and no one to look after him, who sold papers by day and slept in carts by night, was invited to the school by one of the ladies of the Mission. He scorned to come in at the door, but he got in through the window; and he at length cheerfully acceded to the proposal made to him to seek a home in Illinois. Adopted in a kindly Christian family, surrounded by all the loving charities of home, this boy bids fair to have a useful and prosperous life. His letters to the lady who called in the little wanderer breathe thankfulness and contentment.

On Thanksgiving Day it has been usual, for many seasons, to give the children of the Mission and of the locality a grand Thanksgiving Dinner. The commissariat is provided by the benevolence of friends. On Thursday last nearly two thousand children were "dined" at the Mission. The supply of viands was liberal. From friends in Homer, New York, the managers received seventy-four barrels of apples, potatoes, turnips, parsneps, and other vegetables, while friends in Cazenovia have sent a hundred barrels of apples, etc., and six boxes of clothing. Fulton Market contributed one cart-load and one large wagon-load of provisions, and some dealers in Washington Street added another cart-load to the number. Then there were, in the words of the managers, "several loads from the hotels," and private families were no less generous in their charity. There were chickens without number, a whole army of Thanksgiving turkeys, and in addition to these, several pigs, lambs, and enough beef to make three or four head of cattle. All this was cooked at Sweeney's Hotel, and the cooking received full justice. Besides these good things there was a gigantic loaf presented by the proprietor of Crook's dining saloon in the Bowery, which was a perfect wonder in its way. This loaf weighed one hundred pounds, was six feet long and two feet broad, and the flour of which it was made was of the best description. As for pies, there seemed to be no end to the quantity or variety, and however short this year's crop of fruit may have been, there was certainly an abundance at the Mission.

The Mission was visited by crowds of kindly disposed persons, all of whom expressed themselves highly pleased with the appearance of the children, and the general look of the establishment. Addresses were made to the pupils by the Rev. Drs. Crooks, Holdrich, Newman, and Wakeley.

Besides the Ladies' Home Mission, the Five Points is the site of two other meritorious benevolent institutions; Mr. Pease's House of Industry, which is just opposite the Mission, and where five hundred children ate a good Thanksgiving Dinner on Thursday; and the Union Mission, where seventy were liberally fed. After all, there is something to be proud of in New York.

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# HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, November 27, 1858.

## LAST YEAR'S TRADE.

THE official tables of the commerce of the United States for the fiscal year 1857-'58 have just been published. They show, as was expected, a surprising increase in the exports of this country, and a large decrease in the imports. Our exchanges with the world at large leave a balance to our credit of $42,031,271 for the year. Last year we had a balance in our favor of $2,070,000. Former years always left us in the world's debt.

The principles of commerce are now becoming better understood than they were in the days when it was considered a grand thing to have a large export and a small import trade. It is now well known to all commercial men that there exists a necessary proportion between the imports of a country and its exports, and that a nation which takes little from foreign countries can not expect them to take much from it. If our imports fall off permanently, so will our exports; if we desire the foreign world to buy freely of our cotton and breadstuffs, we must buy freely of their wares and products also. Trade generates trade; if we cease to buy British manufactures, they will find some other country from which to import flour and cotton; and if we take all the surplus which the manufacturers of Great Britain can produce, they will take all the cotton and corn we can grow.

It is not therefore at all desirable that our imports should fall below a reasonable figure. Last year we took, in round numbers, $262,000,000 of foreign goods and merchandise; the year before we took $348,000,000. Next year, in all probability, our consumption of foreign wares and merchandise will be nearer $350,000,000 than $300,000,000. And if it exceeds three hundred and fifty millions, we may rely upon it that the foreign world will be enabled to take so much the more of the merchandise we produce.

## MEXICO.

At latest accounts the Spaniards were about to renew their endeavors to obtain either payment of or security for their Mexican bonds. Regiments now stationed in the island of Cuba were under orders for a Mexican campaign. Simultaneously we hear that Mr. Forsyth is about to return from Mexico, and that the President is looking round for some one to succeed him.

As to the Spanish movement, it can not amount to any thing. Spain can not afford to go to war with any one. She has not funds to support her own government and army in time of peace. Much less can she undertake a foreign war even against so feeble a Power as Mexico. More than this, were Spain to make war upon Mexico, the old relations of the two countries would awaken considerable sympathy for the ex-colony, and with all her troops and all her ships of war, Spain would probably come out of such a contest a loser. This is not unknown to the advisers of the Queen of Spain. We therefore expect nothing from the Spanish menaces.

The question with regard to this country is very different. That Mexico has failed in her treaty engagements with the United States is notorious; it is also matter of notoriety that United States citizens have been repeatedly outraged, both in their persons and their property, by the Mexican authorities. It may not be generally known—but it is none the less a fact—that many American citizens residing in Mexico at the present time have actually been reduced to call themselves Englishmen, and to seek from the British consular and diplomatic authorities a protection which their own diplomatic agents were unable or unwilling to grant. The Minister and Consuls of the United States, as a general rule, have proved utterly incompetent to protect their fellow-countrymen from violence and rapine at the hands of the Mexican authorities. In some instances, no doubt, their impotence has arisen from their own want of energy and pluck; but in the majority of cases they have been paralyzed by the notorious unwillingness of the Cabinet at Washington to incur any expense or responsibility for the mere protection of the United States citizen. The various Governments of Mexico have felt safe in imprisoning or despoiling American citizens—and they have done so to their hearts' content.

The newspapers of the past week state that the President has resolved to substitute, in the room of Mr. Forsyth, some man of more energy and capacity, with an ultimate view to the re-establishment of law and order in Mexico. The civilized world would rejoice to see such a design consummated. Thus far, certainly, Mr. Forsyth has effected nothing; and if any fresh man could either conclude a treaty with Mexico by which a stable government of any kind could be established there, or could render a temporary military occupation of that country necessary, he would confer a boon upon Mexico, commerce, and civilization. But it is not easy to see how any diplomatist could achieve such a purpose.

The English bond-holders, who are disgusted at the failure of the Mexicans to pay the interest on their bonds, are quite anxious that the United States should annex Mexico. John Bull is willing to forego his jealousy of the territorial expansion of the United States for the sake of getting his interest promptly paid. But it is not so easy as our neighbor supposes to convert Mexico into a part of the United States, either as Territories or as States. There exists among the people of the United States a wholesome and very proper aversion to the commingling of foreign races with our genuine Anglo-Saxon stock. Our experience of a Celtic admixture is not calculated to encourage further experiments in the same direction. Moreover, the annexation of Mexico would revive the slavery question in a very difficult and delicate shape. Mexico has abolished slavery, and established a system of labor in its stead which suits the views of the Mexican people. Were Mexico annexed to the United States the South would naturally propose, and the Mexicans would naturally resist, the re-establishment of slavery there. This would lead to a quarrel which would not improve the relations between the Northern and Southern States.

On the whole, it is doubtful whether, under any circumstances at present apparent, the United States could be induced to take Mexico under their protection or into their confederacy. It is, in many respects, one of the finest countries in the world. In other respects it is the most unfortunate. Its people are incapable of governing themselves. They have not the pluck which seems inherent in every Anglo-Saxon community, however small; they can not defend themselves against robbers and murderers. And they are cursed with a Church which, not content with grasping all the property and revenues of the country, insists on holding the consciences of the people in its keeping, and renders them utterly unfitted either for decent subordination to a bad, or honest co-operation with a good, government.

## THE CONSTITUTION NOT TO BE REFORMED.

To the astonishment of every one, the popular verdict is against the reform of the Constitution of this State. The vote on the subject is very light. But such as it is, it is against the Convention by a majority of nearly 30,000. Barely 100,000 citizens recorded their suffrage in favor of a reformed judiciary and a purer administrative system, while 130,000 voted for the maintenance of things as they are. The most striking circumstance in connection with the event is the fact that every newspaper which expressed an opinion on the subject was in favor of the Convention. Not a single journal was opposed to a reform of the Constitution. It would seem to follow that the press is by no means the omnipotent engine men take it to be.

Many reasons are given for the failure of the project for reforming the Constitution. It is said that the people were ignorant of the designs of the reformers. Certain it is that the plan of reform was sprung upon the public at the eleventh hour—was not the consequence of any popular movement or agitation—and was, from first to last, a matter of uncertainty and mystery to the people at large. It is quite likely that many votes were cast against the Convention by citizens who were unacquainted with the aims of the reformers, and who were unwilling to reopen the old vexed questions, for fear of increasing the mischiefs without amending the faults of the present Constitution.

It is likewise intimated that many existing office-holders voted against the Convention, and induced their friends to do likewise, for fear of personally unpleasant consequences. One can readily understand that men who are strong in the esteem of primary conventions should object to a transfer of the appointing power to the State executive; but do these persons control votes enough to defeat a project which is indorsed by 100,000 citizens?

Whatever be the cause of the failure, that the project has failed is beyond question. We need not say that we are sorry for it. We believe that the darkest blot on our civilization grows out of the maladministration of justice; and there is no question but justice is maladministered because the judges are creatures of primary conventions, and dependent on political leaders for their daily bread. Had the Convention abolished the elective judiciary system—as we believe there is no doubt it would have done—it would have rendered a substantial service to the State. As it is, the boon remains to be sought at the hands of a future community of voters.

In the year 1866, the Legislature is, by the Constitution, bound to submit to the people the question, whether or no they will have that charter reformed. At the rate things are progressing at present, there can be very little question what their reply will be. But until then it seems to be conclusively settled that we must suffer with patience the curse of an elective judiciary and all the lesser evils of the present Constitution.

## WHETHER THE BRITISH PROVINCES ARE GOING TO BE ANNEXED.

There has been some talk in the newspapers of the annexation of the British Provinces of North America to this Republic. Some of the journals seem to think that in a few years these Provinces will, as a matter of course, form a part of the Confederacy of the United States. One or two extreme Northern papers have gone so far as to designate the plan on which these new members would be admitted to the Union, and their status fixed in the national councils.

The writers who speculate on the annexation of Canada and the minor provinces of British North America to the republic of the United States evince very little acquaintance with the feelings and condition of the British colonists. It may safely be said that no people or clan in the world entertain so lively a dislike of this country as the Canadians. In them—as in many of the old colonies before the Revolution—loyalty to the British sovereign is intensified beyond any thing ever conceived by the inhabitants of Great Britain. And in proportion to their attachment to their Queen is their hatred of foreign and rival nations. No journals in the world are so bitterly inimical to the United States as the Canadian papers; and in this particular they faithfully reflect the feelings of their readers. So far as popular feeling is concerned, it would be easier to persuade Portugal or Tuscany to sue for admission to the Union than Canada.

Nine years ago a movement was made in Montreal and other cities of Canada in favor of annexation to the United States. It sprang from the reluctance of the old British Tories to submit to the wise and salutary system of self-government established in Canada by the British Crown. These old Tories—a contemptible minority in the Province—had, previous to the establishment of self-government, been a petty aristocracy, dividing the spoils among their kith and kin, and lording it over the rank and file of their fellow-citizens. The new Canadian Constitution reduced them to an equality with the people at large, and delegated to the public the duty of filling Government offices. Disgusted at the innovation, they proposed to secede from their allegiance. They took nothing by the motion but general contempt and derision throughout the Province. And such would be at this day the fate of any party throughout British North America which should seriously advocate annexation to the United States.

The Canadians are much better off as colonists of Great Britain than they would be as members of this Union. They do not share our cross—the slavery question. They pay no taxes to support federal leeches at Washington. They enjoy such protection from Great Britain that they are put to no expense for the maintenance of standing armies or the hire of diplomatists. Their foreign relations are paid for by Great Britain. Part of the police duty in their cities is done by British soldiers at the cost of the British public. Their frontiers are protected by the same British troops without costing them a dollar. Their revenue is all their own. They draw hundreds of thousands annually from England; and they do not send a dollar to the British Exchequer. They could gain nothing by joining this Union: they would lose part of their revenue and all that England does for them. Under the circumstances—feeling of loyalty apart—they would be insane to seek to change their allegiance.

## RETROSPECT OF CRIME.

The Metropolitan Police have just presented their annual report. The catalogue of crime is formidable, and we are sorry to say that the commitments and convictions bear no proportion to the actual crimes committed. At least half the crimes committed in New York go unpunished. We alluded in a recent Number to the flagrant violation of the law which forbids the sale of intoxicating liquors on Election Day. The police justify their indifference to the breach of this law by stating—with perfect truth, we believe—that not one of the persons whom they arrested at the last election for selling liquor has been prosecuted. So it is; where the police do their duty, the District Attorney neglects his; where he is ready to act, they are remiss; between the two, rogues are sure to escape.

The following table will show the nativity of the individuals arrested for crime in this city: "Ireland, 36,065; United States, 10,208; Germany, 5932; England, 2598; Scotland, 886; France, 367; Canada, 201; Italy, 157; Spain, 47; Poland, 43; Sweden, 20; Norway, 11; Holland, 10; Prussia, 10; China, 8; West Indies, 6; Denmark, 6; Switzerland, 8; Belgium, 2; Nova Scotia, 1; Mexico, 1; Chili, 1; Unknown, 4287."

Such tables as this will tend to console us for the injury which is inflicted upon the country at large by the large decrease in the emigration from Ireland.

# THE LOUNGER.

### MOUNT VERNONANA.

"Mr. Lounger,—What do *you* think of the agreement of Mr. Edward Everett to write for the New York *Ledger?* Yours truly, ?"

Look a moment and see.

Mr. Everett is not only a scholar, but he is a valetudinarian, and a person of fastidious taste and liberal fortune. He is also an orator of fame greater than that of any American. He has, moreover, reached an age that relieves him from the control of the fiery impulses and passionate aspirations of youth. Upon the evening of the 22d February, now nearly three years since, he charms his native Boston* with the smooth sweetness of his oration upon Washington, and resolves to appropriate all the proceeds accruing from that discourse to the purchase of Mount Vernon. He comes to New York, which offers him the freedom of the city. And thenceforth he goes up and down the land, and, in large towns and small ones, crowds gather and hang upon his voice while he repeats his oration. The crowds pay an admission fee. Mr. Everett devotes all the receipts to the great object; and when the ladies step forward to hail him in his work he lays at their feet some thirty or forty thousand dollars.

The ladies solicit subscriptions, and Mr. Everett speaks. The country is charmed to see its women hastening the pious work. And it is a good, a generous, and a patriotic work. It is a shame that it is not effected spontaneously—that we can suffer Congress to spare thousands of dollars for trade, but not a cent for filial piety!

Now when a man says to Mr. Everett that he will give him ten thousand dollars for the Mount Vernon purchase, if Mr. Everett will write a series of articles for his paper, he merely proposes to him to continue his work—only instead of preparing something for two or three thousand people to hear, he is to prepare something for two or three hundred thousand to read.

And who is to judge of the "dignity" of the medium? Would it not be "dignified" for Mr. Everett to make five thousand dollars by delivering his "Washington" in a circus-building, or a market, or a warehouse, or a railroad dépôt? Can not the theme and the speaker and his eloquence "dignify" any place in which he chooses to stand?

The New York *Ledger*, so far as we have noticed, is a paper of perfect decorum. It is a proof of its proprietor's sagacity that it is so. It is free from the usual faults of journals—malice and bitter partisanship. It is devoted strictly to the amenities of literature. Along its columns the gusts of politics never blow.

Among those columns Mr. Everett can walk as calmly as Plato under those of the Academy. And if he will only talk as wisely, there will probably be very little more trouble about the "dignity" of his position.

### BIRDS IN THE BUSH.

There are probably as sweet birds in the woods as we have ever heard sing. The other day it seemed as if all the warblers were on our side of the sea; but suddenly two new names come floating over, as if old Europe wished her upstart child to know that she yet had treasures left.

*Place aux dames.* Here is Mademoiselle Miolan, now Madame Carvalho, "quite without a rival in her sex." A more wonderful vocalist than Sontag, Persiani, or Cinti Damoreau. She easily achieves the impossible. Her intonation is infallible. "There is no genuine music-lover who, having once heard her, would not willingly go *any distance* on foot to hear her again." But her voice is thin, expressionless, and unsympathetic.

Enter Monsieur Faure. "The most perfect singer in Europe." Not yet twenty-eight, and has a voice of such compass that he can sing both William Tell and Arnold in Rossini's opera. A profound musician, with a style and method like those of Crescentini and Nozzari, heroes of seventy years ago. He is exceedingly handsome, has splendid costumes, and has forced the *Opera Comique* in Paris to give him fabulous prices.

All this we learn from a lively correspondent of the Boston *Courier*. But we confess the picture is sobered a little by a stray remark in another part of the letter. He speaks of Frezzolini as "one of the last really great singers of Italian music." And if that be his standard of great singing, what are we to think of Miolan and Faure?

But in none of their foreign theatres can they sing Don Giovanni as we have heard it sung lately in New York. Let Miolan and Faure approach, and New York will decide their claims!

### LATEST FROM JUPITER.

The Lounger, grateful to his correspondent N. R. for the present intelligence, would also be very glad of any tidings from Saturn or Mercury, or any where else in the neighborhood.

"If Jupiter is inhabited by human beings formed like ourselves, but bearing the same proportion in size to *that* planet as we to ours; if it contains, equally proportioned, the same species of animals; if all inventions, conveniences, and contrivances—such as dwellings, carriages, steamboats—in fact, if every thing is similar there to what we have on earth, but fourteen hundred times larger, the dimensions, by earthly measurement, will be something like this:

"A Jupitarian gentleman will stand, in his stockings, about eight thousand feet, or twenty-four times the height of the steeple of Trinity Church, or over one mile and a half. One of his feet will occupy sufficient ground for fifty houses twenty-five feet front, one hundred deep, with gardens two hundred and fifty feet deep; and his nose will be over two hundred feet long. A mouse will be in bulk more than four times, and a horse over one hundred and forty times that of one of our ordinary houses. A street like Broadway, in a Jupitarian city, would stretch once and a half across the Atlantic, and in width as far as from New York to Yonkers. The roof of a Jupitarian dwelling-house must exceed in height three piled up Chimborazos, and in one of its parlors a Mount Blanc will find room. A carriage from Jupiter would be too large to stand across Manhattan Island, and a steamboat would take up a berth all the way to Poughkeepsie; but, to contain it, the Hudson would have to be widened to three times its present width. A Jupitarian cigar would encumber half the width of Broadway, thirty to forty feet high, from Chamber to Canal; and all the human beings that inhabit our earth could be amply accommodated in a Jupitarian house, equal to a forty feet square house with us, having seven thousand stories, ten feet high, and covering an area of three millions one hundred and thirty thousand square feet."

### BLACK FRIDAY.

About a fortnight ago a boy was hung in New York. It is a terrible story—too terrible not to be often told, that it may be long remembered.

We are not going to discuss the question of capital punishment. We only say that if capital punishment were often inflicted as it was upon Rodgers, it would very soon be abolished.

If society is to take life for crime, it is bound to do so instantly, and with as little suffering as possible. It is bound to do it in such a way that the moral solemnity of the act shall not be mixed with physical horror, or with any circumstance which gratifies the fierce curiosity of a crowd, large or small.

If a man must be executed, let him be deprived of life without a pang, in the presence of the immediate officers of the law, of the clergy in attendance, and of six or eight of the chief magistrates, who shall be, *ex officio*, the only witnesses. Then let the body be coffined, and delivered to his friends at their house; while a short certificate of the fact of execution is signed by the witnesses, and published in the papers.

Let there be no more rope-slipping, and slow strangulation, and convulsive action of the hands; and other prisoners putting up pieces of glass to reflect the scene; and careless officials joking; and relatives unvailing the face and falling, shrieking and fainting, upon the corpse in the prison-yard; and then minute reports of every detail of horror in the daily papers.

Unquestionably more people are demoralized by the reports of such scenes than can possibly be benefited by knowing that they occur. And if there be any reason for having executions comparatively private, as the law enacts, the same reason should prevent their being made public in the newspapers.

It is "news" indeed. But so it is "news" that decent men are sometimes seen in gambling-houses and other places; but the facts are not therefore to be published and served up to the family in the morning. Such reports are not published to promote public order, but to pander to a prurient curiosity.

It is high time, too, that the gallows, the clumsy contrivance of a barbarous age, should give place to a surer instrument. If the object of capital punishment be to deter criminals by physical suffering, let us roast our murderers at slow fires. If the object be to show that society conceives the offender to have proved that his life is too dangerous to be endured, then let his life be taken in the surest way science can invent. The guillotine and the garrote are both better than the gallows, for they spare the spectator even the appearance of suffering in the victim.

### ONE AND ALL.

"Dear Lounger,—Some of your readers have accused me of inconstancy, and say that I have addressed half a dozen ladies through your columns with equal warmth of affection. I repel the accusation indignantly. Like the old poets, I like to address the beloved one under a variety of endearing names. Victoria Regina, A. H., and the rest, are all one and the same person. I am a *single minded* individual, and do not believe in minced hearts. I will not call myself "*whole souled*," for that epithet is usually applied to the "early called," like "the late lamented William Poole," who were "lovely and pleasant in their lives" and liberal of drinks and treats. If any one is interested in my little affair, here is the result.

SONG.

"My love is mine! my love is mine!
What have I done to be so blest?
Is it for me those sweet eyes shine,
And say, 'I love thee—be at rest!'

"Alas! I know she loves not me,
But some pure image of her heart;
And yet I dare not say—be free!
Thou lov'st unworthily—we part!

"No! pure and steadfast stars of even,
That gently deign to guide me on,
Ye are my only hope of heaven!
Without you all of life were gone

"Shine on me still, oh lovely eyes!
Till I become what I would be!
Till from my worthless self I rise
To all your *faith* beholds in me!

"O. L. R.

"Nightingale House, *Martinmas, Nov.* 11."

### RAVELING.

What though Antoine and Jerome have retired, Francois and Gabriel, in immortal youth, will still delight our eyes—will still be flattened like pancakes and expanded like balloons—will still dive through clock-faces and reappear under hats. They preach perpetual sermons upon politics—by illustration. They show the virtues and possibilities of India-rubber. There is no knot so intricate that they will not tie it with their bodies. There is no knot-hole so imperceptible that they will not dart through it like light through a key-hole.

The Ravels, namely; who else? New York might as well undertake to pass a winter without Christmas as without the Ravels. In fact, what is Christmas without those wonderful winks and motions, that fun and fairy which belong to the Ravels?

Perhaps they are human beings like the rest of us. Quite probably they are. Possibly they eat dinner, and drink lager beer, and go to bed between sheets, and snore, like other men. But why should they? why don't they pillow their chins upon the Orient wave when they are tired, and dine with Dr. Veron when they are hungry? Why don't they sleep in the great bed of Ware, and drink out of the Heidelberg tun? Why don't they go shopping with the purse of Fortunatus or Baron Rothschild and buy handsomer dresses than Eugénie? Why not pull Louis Napoleon's nose, clap the Pope on the back, and take snuff with the Grand Lama? What on earth do they wear hats and bonnets for, and pay board? Why don't they swallow the napkin, and appease the landlord by pulling a dozen silver forks out of the salt cellar? and when the landlady complains vault from her shoulder to the ceiling and disappear through the ventilator?

To think of their condescending to live like the rest of us, who can never hope to jump through the eye of a needle! To think of their quietly walking down stairs instead of descending lightly upon sheeny vans. It teaches us all humility. Let us, then, go and take front seats, and learn humility.

### MANNERS AND MORALS.

"Dear Mr. Lounger,—I am a young housekeeper, with means comfortable, but not overabundant. Last week, with the approval of my husband, whose wishes I always consult in such cases, I made up my mind to invite a small party of my relatives and friends to take tea and spend the evening with us socially. Accordingly, I called upon and invited some five-and-twenty, all of whom accepted my invitation, and apparently with great pleasure. Having, at considerable labor and expense, provided refreshments sufficient in quantity and variety for all of my guests, judge of my feelings when more than one-half of them failed to come; and not only did not come, but, *having promised*, did not think it worth while, by note or message, to apprise me of their defection. The consequence was, that I and those friends who did come were kept nervously waiting more than an hour beyond tea-time, and had then to sit down to a tea which was not more than half enjoyed.

"Now, Mr. Lounger, not being a fashionable, or much of a society, woman myself, I beg to inquire whether, in your opinion, the absentees acted as became ladies, or treated me with justice, on the occasion referred to? Is such treatment kind, courteous, or polite? It has occurred to me that your position may enable you to save some of your lady friends, by justly denouncing such (as it seems to me) thoughtless and heartless conduct.

"Yours, Mignionette.

"P.S.—The Rev. Mr. Milburn, in a late lecture on 'What a Blind Man saw in England,' stated that when a gentleman there accepted an invitation to dine with a friend, a note of the fact was carefully entered into his memorandum-book, and that nothing less than a broken leg, the death of his wife, or some such calamity, would prove a satisfactory excuse for not punctually observing his appointment. Would that similar engagements were held more sacred with us than they are!"

—If each one of these guests had known he was to find a thousand dollars in his tea-cup he would certainly have gone—or, if inevitable accident prevented, would have taken painful care to explain his absence. Can we, then, not do for love, among friends, what we would do for money?

If you can suppose cows and horses invited to pasture, but not hungry, you can fancy them doing precisely as the friends of "Mignionette" did—not going, and saying nothing. But shall we look to the stable for our manners? Politeness is not superficial. It is a matter of the heart. It is the pleasant and comely acknowledgment of mutual humanity. A humane man can no more slight a kind word, or look, or request, than he could strike a child. All kindness has the appealing quality of childhood. It is both beautiful and dependent when it asks something.

If a person can not take the trouble to recognize kindness he is not very likely to do a kindness. He betrays his own selfishness. The persons mentioned by "Mignionette" were probably only selfish. Will they, and all inclined to do like them, not be made a little more thoughtful by her note?

### BULL AND BRIGHT.

One of the most remarkable of recent events is Mr. John Bright's speech at Birmingham. Bull and Bright do not pull exactly together, but Bright pulls in the direction in which Bull must ultimately draw.

His speech was made actually at Birmingham, but really to England and to all who watch with interest English development. The English press, except the extremely radical, criticises it very sharply. But although Mr. Bright has been ill, his speech is by no means sick. It is a remarkably robust and hearty speech, or rather speeches, for there were two, or one in two parts. It is a very significant speech, also; for when thoughts are openly uttered by public men in England, they are thoughts that have been long maturing. English orators pay the English public the compliment of believing that if they speak too suddenly and rashly they will not be heard with much respect afterward, nor be so likely to attain public position.

When, therefore, a man like John Bright makes a speech and England listens, and the universal English press comments, whether favorably or adversely, we may be very sure that the speech is significant.

And well it may be. For in ancestral England—in England where a vast mass of the laboring people are workmen in factories—a man says in the chief factory town, "Choose ye this day whom ye will serve. If the peers are to be your masters, as they boast that their ancestors were the conquerors of yours, serve them. But if ye will serve only the laws of your country—and laws in the making of which you have been consulted—then we may go straight on to discuss this question of parliamentary reform." "I am now going to attack the House of Lords." "I confess I am not able to discover one single important measure, important to human or to English freedom, that has come from the voluntary consent and good-will of the House of Peers."

Fancy Lord Thomas Noddy, or that exemplary nobleman the Marquis of Steyne, reading this some mellow morning in his comely "*Times!*" What though the *Times* thunders? What though Lord Thomas swears? Mr. John Bright still asks, "How can I reconcile free representation of the people in the House of Commons with the irremediable and unchangeable dispositions which reside in the hereditary House of Lords?"

That question, once fairly asked, must be answered sometime and somehow; and it is not the least curious coincidence of the whole that it is asked by the member for Birmingham and under a Tory ministry.

### THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

"Buntersville, *November*, 1858.

"Mr. Lounger,—In the *Harper* of the 13th inst. H. P. A. desires to know what author wrote all his works with one pen. Allow me, through the columns of your valuable paper, to inform him that it is me.

"Respectfully, John Patch."

—H. P. A. will notice the interesting fact that "me" is the author of whom he inquired.

—"I, the second descendant from the Scarborough, owner of the steamship *Savannah*, of Savannah, Georgia, must sit down here in old South Carolina," and thereupon sends to the Lounger an account substantially the same as that already published. G. G. U., Worcester, Massachusetts, sends a similar account.

"Philadelphia, *November* 15, 1858.

"Dear Lounger,—You complain that all the *poetry* in your 'Letter-Box' sinks to the bottom. I can not hope that the inclosed will rise very high; but still I hope it will not sink *entirely* to the bottom.

"Yours, S. W. D."

A YEAR AGO.

One year ago, how short it seems!
How soon from us its hours have fled!
Its by-gone days are like the dreams
That fancy o'er our path has shed!
Each week a withered yellow leaf
Has fallen from the tree of Time,
Its green existence just as brief:
'Twas nurtured in a softer clime
A year ago.

—There is more, but the Lounger can not make light of it. It has gone down.

"Sharon, New Hampshire, *November*, 1858.

"My dear Lounger,—In reference to the loss of Calais, very reliable historians inform us that it was the immediate cause of Queen Mary's death.

"Calais may have been yielded to France by treaty in the first year of Queen Bess, for the very good reason that the French *had captured it* the year before, much to the disgust of the sanguine Mary. Indeed, not only the larger histories, but even the epitomes for schools—such as Worcester's, Goodrich's, and Lempriere's—all agree that the *post-mortem* inscription on the pericardium was prophesied by Mary instead of Elizabeth.

"*Apropos de bottes*—one question. The word Caissa, which I suppose has some reference to chess. Please inform me of its meaning, derivation, etc. I do not find it in either my French, Spanish, German, or Italian dictionaries, and am half inclined to attribute to it a *Sepoy* origin, and account for its absence from the lexicons by the supposition that it has been detained in quarantine all this while.

"Will it appear in Worcester's forthcoming Magnum Bonum? Yours,

"Hans Orff."

—The Lounger thinks that Hans Orff will find the facts to be as follows: On the 4th of August, 1347, Calais was taken by Edward III. of England, after a siege of eleven months. On the 8th of January, 1558, under Queen Mary, it was recaptured by the Duke of Guise, after a siege of eight days. Queen Mary died November 17, 1558; and she it was who said that Calais would be found engraved upon her heart. Queen Elizabeth was crowned January 15, 1559; and by the general peace of Chateau Cambresis, April 2, 1559, Calais was *secured* to France. The actual capture was under Mary; the solemn cession under Elizabeth.

Hans Orff must wait patiently, and he may learn more about Caissa.

"Dear Friend Lounger,—You have a corner in the *Weekly* where you permit correspondents to let off their superabundant gas, the afflicted to bemoan their condition, the aggrieved to vindicate their tarnished honor, and the critics—to point out all of our mistakes, either in grammar or rhetoric, fact or fiction.

"'Donati's Comet.' (I quote from the *Weekly* of the 8th ult., page 653.) Donati is placed in the possessive case. Is this proper? I understand the possessive case to imply possession, ownership, property. Who gave Mr. Donati the title-deed to this comet, and when was it given? This being answered, when did he exercise the right of ownership or property, or when did he reduce it to possession? I doubt not but that this comet was first discovered on the 2d of June last past, and that Mr. Donati was the discoverer. Besides, I have no other opinion than that he is a law-abiding citizen, and that he does not arrogate to himself undue honor; but somebody else gave him this honor—and didn't somebody else make a mistake? *The Comet Donati*—would not this be correct, and would it not give as much honor as if *s* was appended?

"Do give us light. Yours ever,

"Wm. T. K."

"Blacksburg, Virginia, *November*, 1858."

—The rule among astronomical men is to indicate comets by their numbers. The name of a person is given in compliment, and for the sake of identification by the unlearned. In that view it is proper to say Donati's or Halley's Comet—not the Halley Comet.

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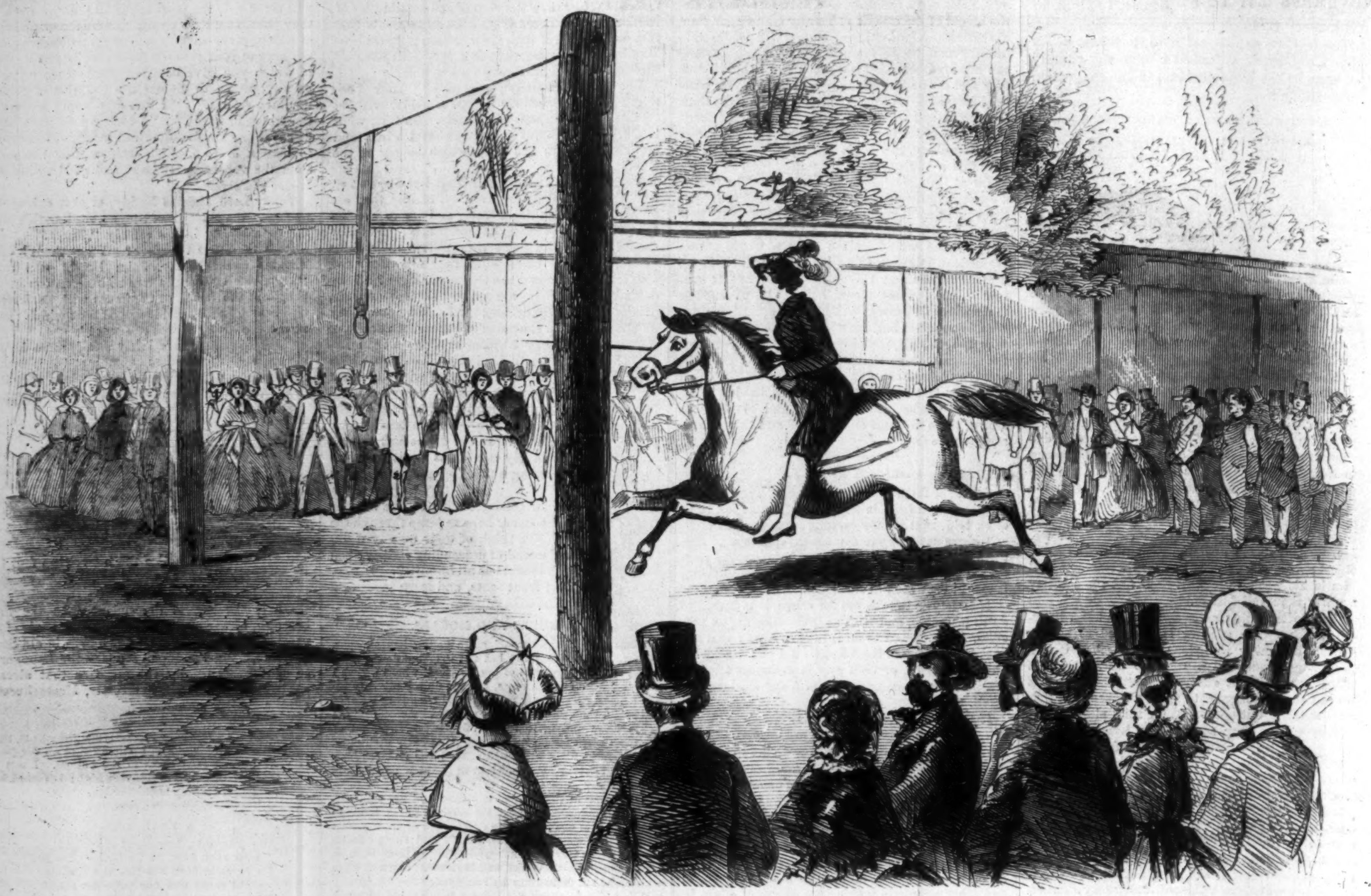
* He was born in Dorchester.



THE ALABAMA STATE FAIR—THE TILT.—[FROM A SKETCH BY NIXON.]

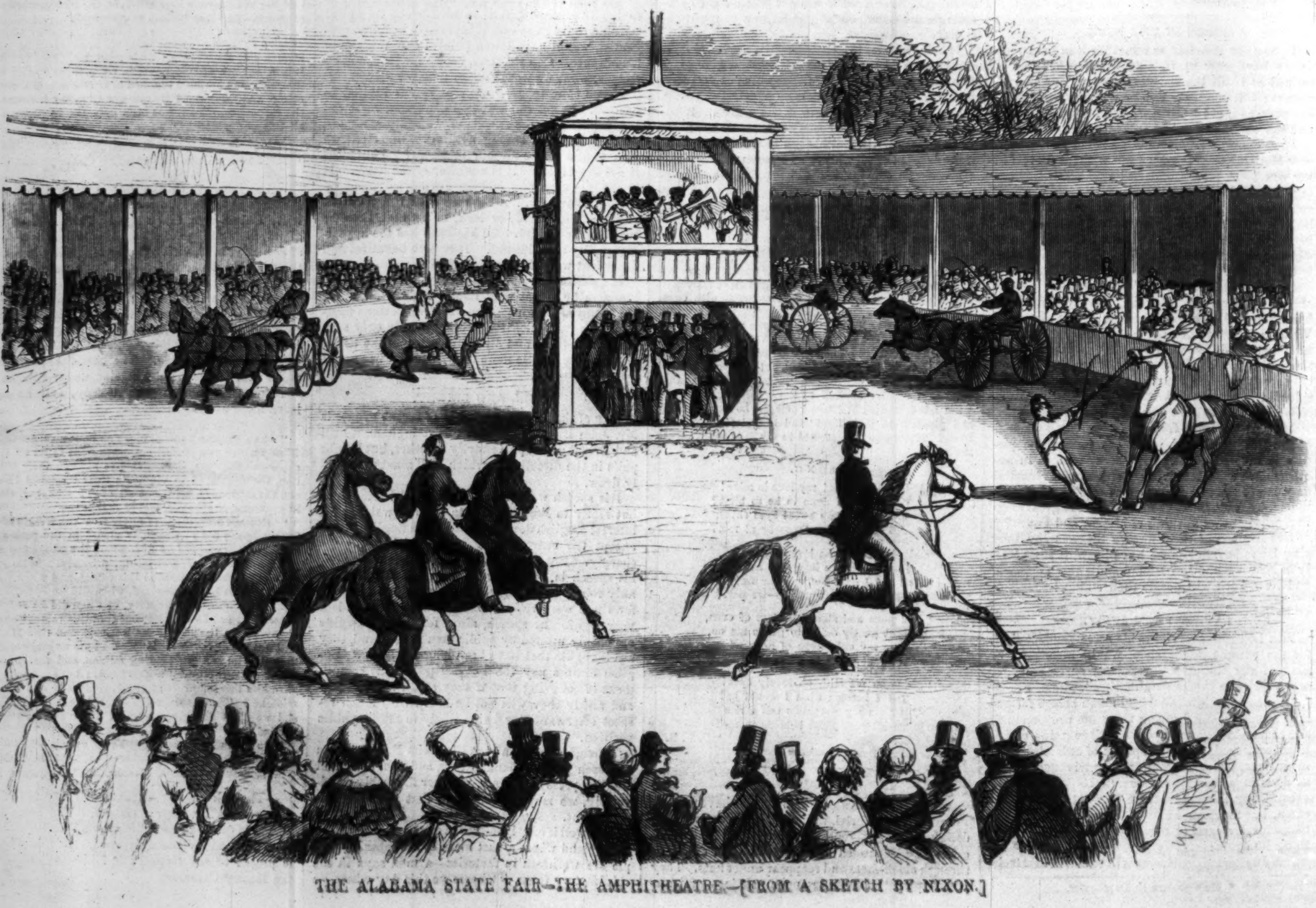
## THE ALABAMA STATE FAIR.

[*From our own Correspondent.*]

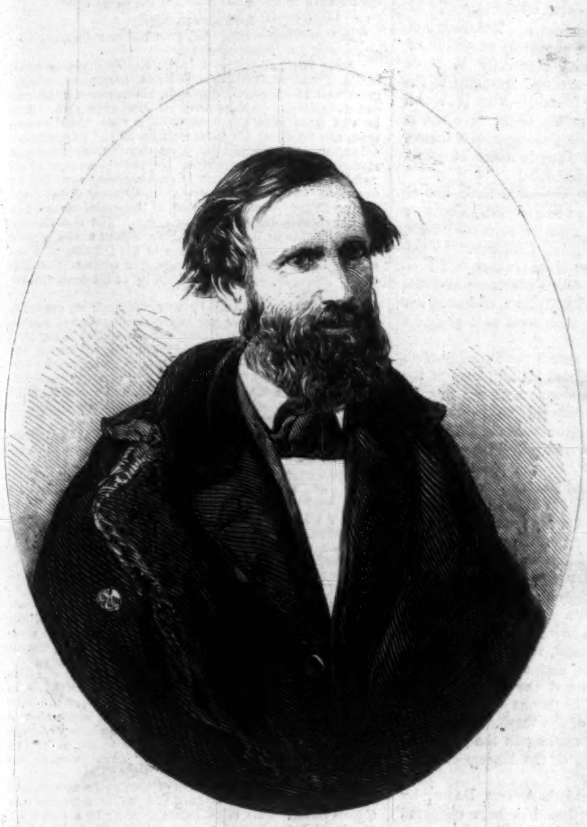
THE Fourth Annual Fair of the Alabama State Agricultural Society was held in Montgomery, the capital of the State, between the 1st and 6th days of November, 1858.

The grounds are beautifully located upon the banks of the noble Alabama, occupying a large, level, grassy plain, to the north of the city. The space inclosed is ample, and the facilities afforded for display are on a scale commensurate with the rapidly improving interests of this young and flourishing State. In addition to a large number of well-arranged stalls for cattle, hogs, and horses, there is a finely graveled training course: a grand amphitheatre for the examination of stock, and for the exhibition of hippodromic performances; a commodious two-story edifice for the proper display of mechanical contrivances, as well, also, for the use of exhibitors in the department of the fine arts; a substantial gin-house, for the purpose of testing improvements in the preparation of our great southern staple, together with fixtures for pressing and baling cotton already ginned.

There are characteristic points of difference between a show of this kind in the Northern, and such a display as we are now describing in the Southern States. In the former, distinctive prominence is given to those mechanical appliances which represent the interests of the mighty grain-growing countries of the North and the imperial Northwest. The eye is bewildered by the multiplicity of inventions for reaping, garnering, thrashing, fanning, and grinding the exhaustless products of the cereal regions. There, too, are to be seen the infinitely varied modifications of machinery by which the numberless processes of manufacturing operations are carried on. There are more perfect planing apparatus; simpler contrivances for drilling, or boring, or filing; a new cog-wheel; a trifling, yet important readjustment of ratchets and pinions; some novel methods of printing calicoes, or weaving domestics, or spinning cottons; a new valve in an old piston-rod; an ingenious key, or an unassailable lock. There are men from the sooty forge and the clanking anvil; men from the dusty flouring-mill and the odorous laboratory of some noted perfumer; men whose ears are daily stunned by the whirr of spindles and the clatter of looms; men who listen forever to the groanings of ponderous



THE ALABAMA STATE FAIR—THE AMPHITHEATRE.—[FROM A SKETCH BY NIXON.]



DR. N. B. CLOUD, SECRETARY OF THE ALABAMA AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

wheels and the incessant puffings of busy steam-engines.

At a Southern Fair, on the contrary, the eye at once discerns the habits, tastes, and pursuits of a people wholly given to agricultural and pastoral employments. But few machines are on exhibition, and those relate exclusively to the interests of the farm and to the homely duties of the planter. Here is, perhaps, a corn-sheller and separator, and there is a bit of mechanical ingenuity applied to the grinding of corn and the crushing of the cob. Not only does the visitor discover at a glance that the tillage of the soil is the noble vocation of the sturdy and happy yeomanry around him, but he sees with equal readiness that the one great, engrossing, controlling idea is the growth and culture of cotton. On every hand, in every variety of phase, is this one absorbing topic represented. Here is a long row of beautifully ginned and securely packed cotton bales, with their fleecy samples exposed to view. Read the label on this plow. It is intended for the cultivation of the young cotton plant. Stop to observe this vociferous old man, who industriously plies an ungainly wooden machine to and fro all the day long. "What is that concern fur, Mister?" "That is Carter's Cotton Planter, the outbeatingest contrivance for evenly drapping and kiverin cotton seed in the world!" What is the use of all these cogs, and spirals, and files? The answer shows us how young Elliott goes to the planter's gin-house, takes his broken, useless gin saws, and in a few hours makes that busy file reset and rewhet every tooth to its pristine sharpness. The crowd rushes toward the discordant creakings of some huge fixture on yonder side of the Fair grounds. I run too, and am "in at the" packing, tying, and discharging of a beautifully compact cotton bale, weighing six hundred pounds. I see a fellow sedulously bent upon twirling a crank for an admiring crowd, and thrusting my spectacles through some cranny in the living wall, I find a man explaining how some cute Yankee, way up in Varmount, is trying to "do" the Alabama planter with a cotton-packing contrivance, full of wheels, and screws, and levers. Thus it is on every side; you see the enshrinement of the mighty staple in the central fane of this great, warm, throbbing, Southern heart.

I can not tell you of the various equally characteristic accompaniments. Your readers must imagine the shining faces of the darkeys, their ivory white teeth, and their loud guffaws. You need not hear of the rolling carriages, the flying clouds of dust, the panoramic beauty of gaudy female attire, the bustling throng of amused spectators, the lowing of cattle, the bleating of sheep, and the braying of asinine quadrupeds, the inspiriting strains of the band, in which an important "cullud pussun" fiercely struck the clanking cymbals and the thundering drum, the exciting sports of the arena, the air torn with outrageous noise, when some gallant young Godfrey of Boulogne, or Richard Cœur de Lion, riding a tilt in *frock-coat* and *standing-collar*—alas, Ivanhoe!—bore triumphantly away the suspended ring upon his wooden lance.

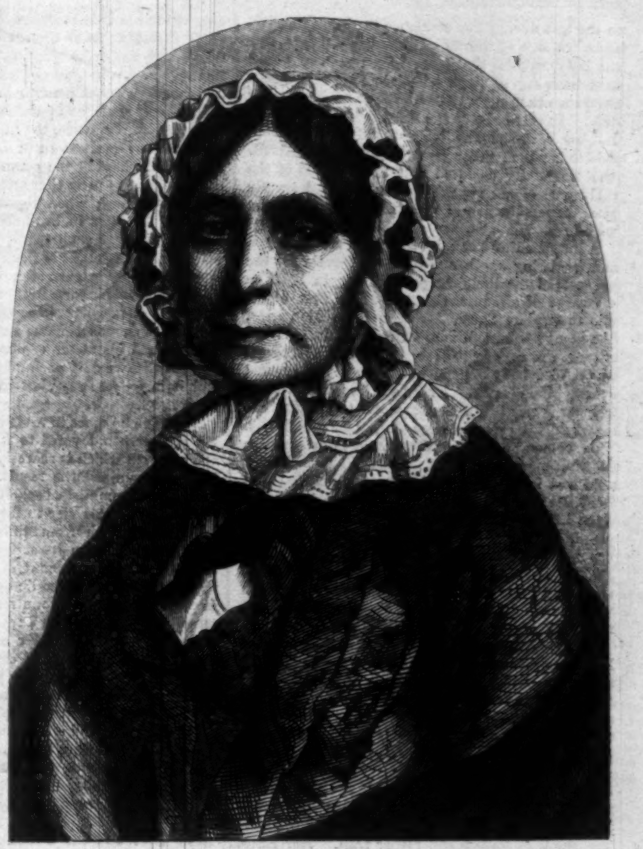
A word about this year's exhibition. It was declared by those entitled to know to be a decided success, a marked advance upon former shows of the kind in this State.—Very many fine cattle were on the ground, chiefly Devon, Durham, and Ayrshire breeds. Milch cows fetched at the sales from $60 to $155. Berkshire pigs were sold at $30 per pair. Several fine stallions were in the ring, one valued at $4100. Another splendid Morgan horse, the property of Colonel Ferrell of East Alabama, so closely contested the premium with his costly competitor, that skillful judges required time to discuss their points.

But lest you might take it for granted that Alabama is devoted wholly to grosser pursuits, I am constrained to refer to a fine collection of pictures in oil, crayon, and pastel, together with several very creditable specimens of industrial art, such as designs for wall paper, carpets, table-covers, dress goods, etc., all furnished by the pupils of the Tuskegee Female College. This is the first effort to develop this application of artistic pursuits in the Southern country in connection with a literary institution. As an evidence of the favor with which it was received, the executive committee made a special presentation of a splendid silver pitcher to the College, through its President the Rev. Dr. A. A. Lipscomb.

A new product of the laboratory also took a prize before a special committee of scientific men. It is a disinfecting agent, superior, they say, to Labarraques French liquor. The fortunate discoverer is Professor John Darby, of Auburn, Alabama, a man of scientific acquirements of a high order.

In fancy needle-work, in embroideries, in patch work, in home-made counterpanes, quilts, and similar goods, in leather work, wax and fruit ornamentation, in all these departments our fair Alabamians were tastefully represented.

The success of the late fair is due mainly to the energetic efforts of Dr. N. B. Cloud, the indefatigable Secretary of the State Agricultural Society, of whom an excellent likeness accompanies this notice. To him more than to any other single individual, perhaps, is to be attributed the origination and perpetuation of our State Exhibitions. The worthy Secretary is a native of Edgefield District, South Carolina, and removed to Alabama in the spring of 1838 to engage in the practice of his profession. With his professional business he soon associated the pursuit of agriculture, to which he had been bred up from early life. He was very successful as a farmer. In 1852 he established the *American Cotton Planter* in the city of Montgomery.—Beginning, under manifold discouragements, with a subscription list of 500 or less, it now stands foremost in the ranks of agricultural journalism in the South, with a growing popularity, and a current list of about 6200 subscribers. Its success is worthy of its active and intelligent editor.—Although great and deserved praise is due to Col. Croom, the widely-known President of the Society, as well also to Col. Pollard the Treasurer, and to various other influential members of the Agricultural Association, yet the chief honor must undoubtedly rest with Dr. Cloud. I would add, that although "bearded like a pard," and decidedly military in his appearance, the Secretary is one of the most genial, kindly, and affable of gentlemen.



THE LATE MADAME IDA PFEIFFER.

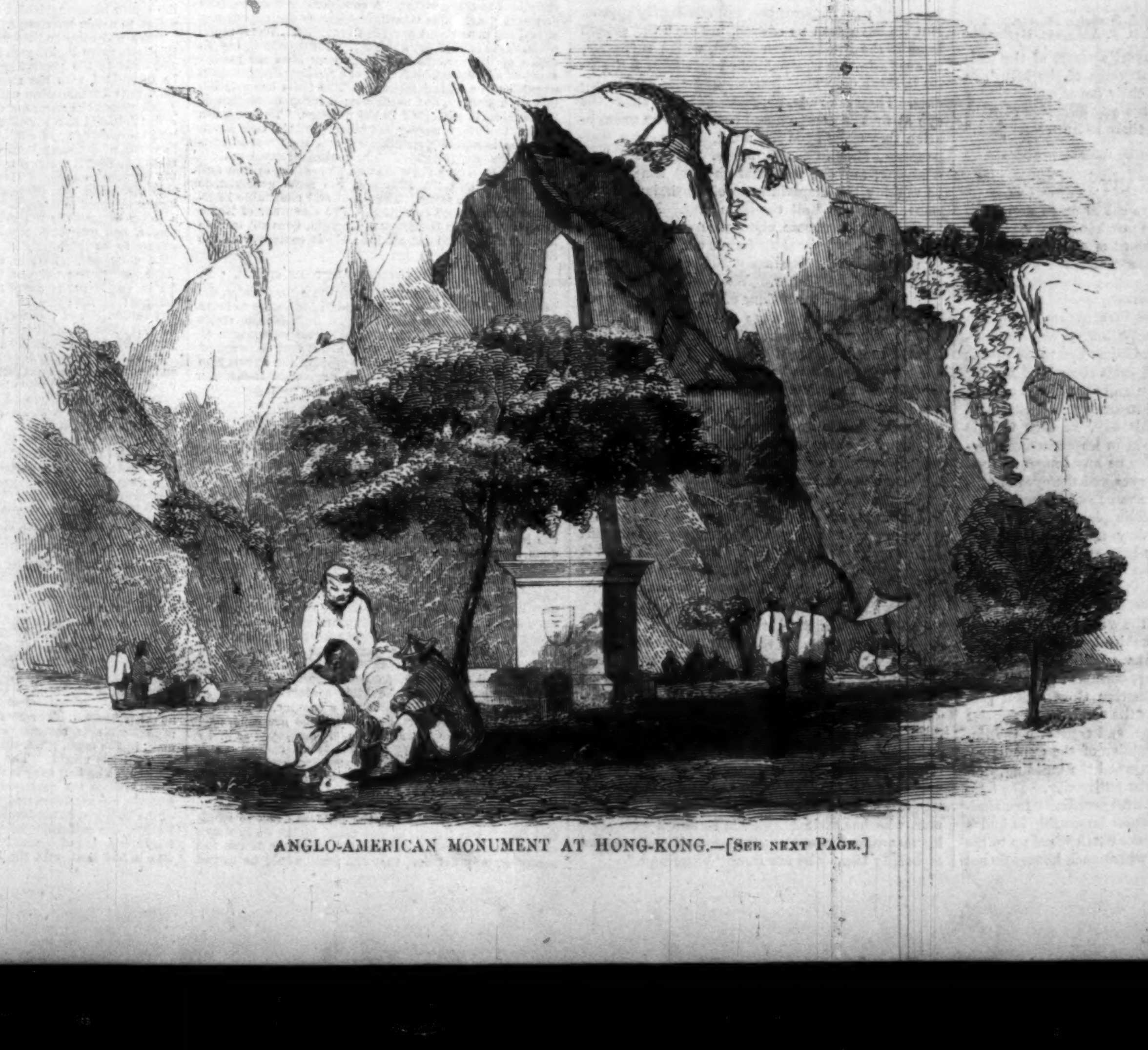
## THE LATE MADAME PFEIFFER.

News arrived last week that Madame Ida Pfeiffer, the famous traveler, had died at Vienna on 27th October, aged 61 years. We present herewith her likeness to our subscribers.

Madame Pfeiffer was a Viennese by birth, having first seen the light in that city in 1797. Her earliest youth was disturbed by a vague hankering after foreign travel. She was one of those persons who justify the remark that travelers, like poets, are born to the vocation. She never saw a postillion, it is said, without bursting into tears, and bewailing her sad fate in having been born a girl, and so debarred from the delight of riding post-horses from place to place. Long before she reached womanhood she persuaded her parents to take her with them on a traveling tour through Germany. This only whetted her appetite for travel; she would probably have undertaken her great journeys twenty years sooner but for an invincible Doctor Pfeiffer who happened to meet her, and induced her to undertake the journey of life with him. In a word, she married; and two sons rapidly arriving, she found her domestic duties so engrossing that, for a period of twenty years or thereabouts, her innate propensity was subdued. At the end of this period her husband died. Her sons were established in life. And the old longing for travel revived in her as strong as it had been in the days when she cried to see the postillions.

With no ties to bind her, and means enough to undertake a moderately expensive tour, Madame Pfeiffer started to visit Jerusalem, made the tour of the Holy Land, and on her return home wrote her first book of travels. It succeeded. People were curious to read the experiences of a lady traveler, and the public verdict was favorable to the work. Thus encouraged, Madame Pfeiffer planned and executed a tour of greater originality and extent. She traveled laboriously through Scandinavia, and thence to Iceland, publishing the journal of her wanderings on her return. This work, like the former one, pleased the public, and was kindly treated by the critics. Her views of Iceland may not be as sound and as philosophical as those of other travelers; but they were curious and interesting, and were widely read. In the course of this journey she had been frequently embarrassed by her sex and her unprotected situation. Her courage and good sense, however, surmounted all obstacles, and confirmed her in the opinion that a woman may do any thing provided her head and heart be sound.

Filling her purse with the profits of these works, and with what little means she had of her own, she devoted the next ten years to elaborate journeys around the world. Her first circumnavigation of the globe was by way of Brazil, Chili, China, India, Persia, and the Mediterranean. This occupied two years, and involved an amount of physical exertion rarely found in the weaker sex. At least once during this journey her life was in imminent peril. A runaway negro slave in Brazil attacked her in a lonely place, threw her down, and cut her badly with a knife; strangers who happened to pass at the time just succeeded in rescuing her from his hands. Her second great voyage was to the Cape of Good Hope and Caffraria, the Indian Archipelago, California, Central America, and the United States. It occupied three years, and was a work of great labor. Though by no means a scientist, and but slenderly acquainted with political economy, Madame Pfeiffer was a lady of remarkable powers of observation, rare common sense, and acute perception. Her courage was frequently put



ANGLO-AMERICAN MONUMENT AT HONG-KONG.—[See next Page.]

to the test during her residence in the Indian Islands. Many of the islanders are cannibals, and the lady certifies that more than once she would have been served up in a hash but for her solemn assurance that she was too tough to be a palatable dish. In this country she fared well. For a time in New York she was lionized, and civilities were paid to her such as few females have ever received. She frequently declared that the troubles of the early part of her voyage were obliterated by the pleasant recollection of the kind welcome she met with here.

After spending a couple of years in rest at home, and preparing another volume of travels for the press, Madame Pfeiffer again set out, in 1857, on a voyage of circumnavigation. Her first object was to explore South Africa and the Mauritius. She spent some months in Caffraria and the vicinity; thence, finding the labor and perils of internal travel in Africa beyond her means, she crossed over to Madagascar. Every one knows that Madagascar is ruled by a savage woman, who does not clearly distinguish between Christians and devils. This woman had been instrumental in causing the death of many Christians; when Madame Pfeiffer appeared in her dominions, she felt satisfied that the little German woman had sinister designs of some kind or other, and, being benevolently disposed, instead of taking her head off, she ordered her out of the island by the first ship. Madame Pfeiffer attempted, unsuccessfully, to resist. All she took by her obstinacy was a severe fever, with which upon her, and rather dispirited hopes, she returned to Vienna for the last time.

It was in the spring of this year that she reached her home. With her usual energy, she undertook, at once, to write another volume of travels. She persevered in the task long after the fever, which she never wholly shook off, should have suggested rest and absence from labor. Not until disease had absolutely paralyzed her physical energies did she cease to write. Her malady at length overpowered her, and after a brief struggle she succumbed.

Madame Pfeiffer was not, as her travels would lead one to suppose, a masculine woman. She was small of stature and rather frail. Her bones were small, and her muscular system by no means so largely developed as to warrant the idea that she was naturally capable of great or prolonged exertion. She owed to her mental energy her capacity for the great labors she performed. It is pleasant to read in her books that never, in all her travels, in all quarters of the globe, among all races of men, was she insulted or her purity assailed. Such facts prove that there is something good after all in humanity.

## ANGLO-AMERICAN MONUMENT AT HONG KONG.

*(From our own Correspondent.)*

Hong Kong, *10th August*, 1858.

I send you herewith a drawing which, I think, will be interesting to our countrymen at home.

On one side of the town of Victoria, Hong Kong, is the Happy Valley—a delightful spot, much frequented by foreigners. In a fork of the road leading to it is a very pretty green lawn, in the midst of which stands a granite obelisk; upon its base is an inscription stating that it was "erected by the officers and crews of the United States steam frigate *Powhatan* and her Britannic Majesty's sloop *Rattler*, in memory of their shipmates who fell in a combined boat attack on a fleet of piratical junks, off Kuhlan, August 4, 1855."

On its reverse, side by side, English and American, are the names of those killed:

*Rattler.*
Geo. Mitchell, A.B.
Jas. Silvers, Carp. Crew.
John Massey, Gunner, R.M.A.
N. M. Cliffe, Private, R.A.

*Powhatan.*
John Pepper, Sen.
Jos. A. Halsey Sands.
Isaac Coe.
J. Mullard, Marine.
B. F. Adamson, Marine.

This appears to be a favorite resort of the Chinese, as well as the countrymen of the killed, in which they may exercise their devotions. Under the tree which shades it are any quantity of half-consumed joss-sticks, left there to burn "for joss."

## LITERARY.

It is seldom that we are called on to notice the publication of a work of so much importance as Dr. Sanger's Report to the Board of Governors of the New York Alms-house, now published by Harper & Brothers, under the title which defines the work A History of Prostitution.

From such a subject the very nature of the virtuous man shrinks back with horror, and the verdict of the unthinking public is apt to be that it were better not to publish such records of infamy and shame. But reflection and the perusal of such a volume as this will lead to another conclusion.

It is in vain that, in this day, we seek to hide vice and keep it imprisoned in its accustomed secret haunts. It is vain for us any longer to seek to shut out from our own eyes and the eyes of others the appalling fact that shame and crime abound in our streets, in our public places, in theatres, churches—nay, in our very neighbors' houses. The time has arrived—has long ago arrived—when it became the duty of the good, the honest, the public-spirited, to look this fact boldly in the face; to acknowledge at once that New York is not far behind the worst cities of the world in this respect; that virtue is no more worshiped, vice no more detested here than in Vienna or Florence; and to seek some means for the separation of the evil from the good. When the Austrian Government proposed to license houses for the residence of females of bad character in Vienna, and consulted the English Minister as to his opinion of the expediency of the plan, he tartly suggested the building, first of all, one roof to cover the entire city. Dr. Sanger's statistics reach an awful proximity to a similar idea, since it would seem impossible to find a street, from the lowest in the Sixth Ward up to the stately Fifth Avenue, in which such houses do not now abound. It is therefore but a weak and cowardly shrinking from the truth that leads men to desire any longer to prevent the publication of these facts. When we can not walk the streets in the evening without meeting hundreds of the fallen plying their trade, and publishing, in their painted faces and gaudy attire, the same sad story; when we can not ride up town in a stage toward evening without having the company of daughters of shame, making their character manifest to all inside and outside; when dignitaries of our city are indicted for rows in brothels, and the courts are crowded to hear such trials, and the newspapers filled with the details of them; when our most respectable daily papers seek with avidity, and at great expense, information about brutal prize-fights, reports of divorce cases, or any others which involve the wreck of name and fame, and evidence the debased character of our city population—in these times, we say, such a book as this is timely, and it is folly to say that its contents should be suppressed.

We have no space to review the work in *extenso*. Dr. Sanger has devoted to it an amount of labor and research which is scarcely credible to one who has not examined the result. Passing, with the pen of an accomplished scholar and historian, over the history of this vice in former ages, and of the legislation which from time to time has been brought to bear on its suppression, and giving a full and accurate account of the progress and of the retrogression of public opinion on the subject in various ages and countries—sketching briefly, tersely (and with such caution and good taste as the most fastidious reader can not find reason to complain of), the story of erring humanity in all times and places, the author proceeds to collect the statistics of England and America, and to lay them before us in their awful simplicity. A brief summary of some of these statistics will suffice to show the aim of the author in his report to the Ten Governors. A series of thirty-seven questions put to 2000 females of abandoned character, in New York, elicited such information as this: Of the 2000, 1400 were between 15 and 25 years of age; 762 were natives of the United States, and the numbers are from different States in this order: New York, 394; Pennsylvania, 77; Massachusetts, 71; New Jersey, 69; Connecticut, 42; Maine, 24; Rhode Island, 18; and so on, in smaller numbers. Of those from abroad (1238 in all) 706 were from Ireland, 249 from Germany, 104 from England, 52 from Scotland, 17 from Switzerland, 13 from France, etc. Of the 2000, 714 can read and write well, 546 imperfectly, 219 can read, and 521 can do neither; 490 are married women, 294 widows, 71 living with their husbands! 933 were formerly servants, 499 unemployed, 121 dress-makers, 105 tailoresses, (showing the sorrowful fact that the ill-paid sewing women are more frequently forced to shame by poverty than any other class of working women).

The fathers of 440 were farmers, of 259 laborers, of 139 carpenters. We find not a few whose position in life would indicate that their daughters must have been accomplished females. 6 were clergymen's daughters, 31 naval officers', 19 physicians and surgeons', 13 lawyers'; 5 were children of "men of property."

Our remarks on the book must close abruptly here. Let it find its way into the hands of every legislator and man of public position in America, and we are convinced that we shall before long see the good effects of the work which Dr. Sanger has accomplished in the suppression of temptations to vice, the regulation of the morals of the community by wholesome laws, and the shutting out of our streets and highways, our theatres and concert-rooms the bold, unblushing sign-boards of shame and degradation.

The Pilgrim's Progress will never cease to be the grandest religious epic poem, and new editions and new illustrations will constantly appear. But we have seen no edition, not even the superb issue of the Presbyterian Board, which surpasses, to our taste, one now published by Carter & Brothers in this city. The illustrations are colored wood-cuts. They are rude, old-fashioned, and strike the eye at first as common and cheap, but on examination they grow upon the mind, they become *Bunyanesque*, startling, and noble. The faces bear studying, and one seems for the first time now to be making the acquaintance of Christian, Christiana, Mercy, and all the little ones. Mr. Ready-to-Halt in one of these pictures is worth the whole volume, so perfectly is his face in character as Bunyan meant him. The artist has certainly caught the spirit of the Tinker. We can not but think that steel-plate illustrations of the Pilgrim are out of keeping, and that these rude and yet skillful and speaking pictures are such as would have delighted the Dreamer himself beyond all others.

Scribner publishes Peasant Life in Germany, by Miss Anna C. Johnson, who is well known to fame as Minnie Myrtle. The volume is unique in character. The author appears to have visited Germany for the purpose of wandering, without restraint of plan or purpose, among all classes, and taking guides and interpreters wherever she might find them. The result of her travels is a volume full of information and incident, on the daily life of German peasants, in which we find a great amount of new and valuable matter. The book is what it professes to be. It is not a common book of travel, but the record of an observing woman's intercourse with all classes of German society, and it probably gives a more complete idea of German manners and customs than any thing heretofore published. An amusing characteristic of Miss Johnson's book is her stalwart defense of America and Americanisms of all kinds. She declares, emphatically, that no castle in Germany equals in furniture, so far as comfort goes, a New England cottage; and she seems to be amazed at the idea that any German who has once visited America can return to his own land. Her remarks on the custom of choosing wives, and the attempt of a German who has visited America to find a wife after his return to Germany will amuse all readers, and especially those who are from "Vaterland."

New England's Chattels is the title of a story published by H. Dayton, which is really of more worth than its title indicates. The design of the author is to show the shocking condition of New England poor-houses, especially in those towns where the paupers are sold annually to the lowest bidder, and there is much that is worth reading and thinking of in his book. He writes with force and effect, and, on a more popular theme, would probably produce a work to which he might without regret attach his name.

Carter & Brothers have increased their list of books for the young, by adding Sidney Grey, a Tale of School Life; and The Beautiful Home, by the author of "Ministering Children." They also publish Memoirs of Mrs. Jukes, a Christian lady from England, whose residence in Ohio, where her husband was a clergyman, endeared her to many who will accept this book as a pleasant memorial of her.

Carter & Brothers also enrich the libraries of all readers of sound doctrine, and all admirers of the good and great men of the seventeenth century, by the publication of Archbishop Leighton's Complete Works, in one octavo volume. The collection is full—more so than any English or Scotch edition—and the mention of the pious bishop's name is sufficient to remind the reader of the character of all his writings. No man in the Episcopal Church ever sustained a higher reputation for simple and devoted piety; no man was more vilely assaulted; but the dirt that was thrown at him fell off and left his character pure and shining. The memory of those days, when he stood between the Crown and the Covenant, a noble defender of the truth, such as the world saw few of in his day—contrasting, on the one hand, with the unscrupulous wickedness of Sharpe, and, on the other, with the bigotry and intolerance of the infatuated supporters of the League. The memory of those days is precious to all lovers of the truth, and will be recalled by them as they read again the peaceable and peace-teaching works of the Bishop of Dunblane.

Dick & Fitzgerald publish After Dark, by Wilkie Collins. The author has here collected some of his best stories and united them by a slender thread, making them the narrations of a sick and half-blind artist, whose wife writes them down as he relates them.

## DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

### THE LATEST FROM UTAH.

Recent advices from Utah state that the command under Captain Homes, which was recently dispatched to Humboldt to settle the Indian difficulties reported to exist there, has returned, and announced that there had been no Indian difficulties in that region, as had been stated, and that the story of the violation of the Government mail was false. Dr. Forney, the Indian agent, was on his return to Salt Lake City.

Governor Cumming had decided that the Utah Legislature must meet at Fillmore City, notwithstanding the tenor of the resolution passed at the joint session of 1856, which designated Salt Lake City as the place of meeting. The legality of the proceedings of the last Legislature are also questioned by the Governor, from the fact that they are signed by Brigham Young only, and that too at a time when Governor Cumming himself was in the Territory, under a commission from the General Government, and had already issued his proclamation covering the period when said Legislature was in session. The Governor maintains that the approval by Young of said proceedings was, on his part, a usurpation of the executive authority.

There are accounts of further disturbances among the Utes Indians in the southern part of the Territory. The bodies of two murdered men had been found, and considerable stock had been driven off by members of the tribe.

### MESSAGE OF THE GOVERNOR OF NORTH CAROLINA.

The message of Governor Bragg, of North Carolina, shows that the debt of the State is $3,879,505. A large portion of this debt has been incurred by loans and subscriptions to State works. A considerable portion falls due next year. The Governor suggests the expediency of making permanent provision for relief. The revenue of the State is $507,000 annually. Changes in the application of the revenue and assessment laws are recommended, and the establishment of a Sinking Fund is again urged, as in a former message. The State has no military organization, and needs one; a recommendation of that subject is contained in the message. The progress of the boundary survey between Virginia and North Carolina is reported satisfactory, and the great importance of the work is urged. The geological developments of the State survey show that an abundance of iron and coal exists, and Dr. Emmons, the State geologist, is mentioned with favor. The penal and charitable institutions are in good condition. The Governor of North Carolina, like the Governor of Georgia, does not trouble himself about national affairs. He is content with the State as it is.

### WALKER FILIBUSTERS KEPT AT HOME.

A clearance has been refused for the *Alice Painter*, the vessel in which the Walker "emigrants" were to leave Mobile for Nicaragua. A dispatch from Mobile states that the greatest excitement exists there on account of the detention. On Friday, 19th, about four hundred of the "emigrants" surrounded the office of the agents who supplied them with tickets, and demanded immediate transportation or the refunding of the passage-money. The crowd was at length pacified by assurances from the Deputy-Collector that definite instructions from Washington must soon arrive. It is positively denied by Señor Yrisarri that he has furnished these men any passports.

### GAMBLING A KEY TO LEGISLATION.

The correspondent of the Philadelphia *North American* says, *apropos* of Pendleton's sale: "These gambling resorts have increased fearfully at Washington within the last ten years, and it is notorious that they have done more to demoralize legislation than all the other debasing and corrupting influences which have been brought to bear upon weak, venal, or needy members of Congress. I was deeply impressed by the silent but eloquent witnesses of this fact, when the drawers of Pendleton's desk were opened yesterday, and numerous bills relating to schemes before Congress were exposed to public view. The misery and wretchedness and degradation inflicted upon men and families by these hells are appalling, and even the imperfect disclosures which have reached me accidentally, exhibit a state of morals in Congress which would astonish the country, if exposed. Some of these gamblers, and others who are concerned as capitalists with them, are openly employed as lobby agents, from their supposed ability to control votes through obligations incurred by members, and the fact is one of common town talk, that their tables are the daily resort of a large class of such voters in preference to the hotels.

"Strange as it may seem, the influence has so ramified that it was feared, at one time, in the early stages of the Kansas struggle, last session, when the House was nearly equally divided, that the scale would be turned by a turn of the screw upon particular members who were known to be in the power of the gamblers."

### A ROMANTIC STORY.

The New York correspondent of the New Orleans *Picayune* tells the following story:

"Some years ago there lived in Boston a young man, of one of the best families in the city, handsome, intelligent, well educated, of agreeable manners and address, and exceedingly popular with all who knew him. Still he was most generally known as a very 'fast' young man, and noted for his extravagance in the expenditure of money, his disregard for those conventionalities and moralities of which society requires the observance of all within its pale. The result of such a career need not be described, as it is seen every day in all great cities, happening in despite of the precepts of the judicious and the warning examples of the imprudent. The last chance that seemed to be left for the reinstatement of the subject of our story in the good opinion of his friends, of himself, and of the world, was a voyage in some responsible capacity that should test the sincerity of his desire to redeem himself.

"By the aid of friends he procured such an opportunity, and left his native city as the commander of a merchant vessel, bound on a long and somewhat hazardous voyage. In the course of it he found himself among the Feejee Islands, and having occasion to go ashore on one of them, he visited the rude dwelling of a native chief, who entertained him hospitably, and, as he was about to depart, asked him to pray to the Christian's God, with and for that savage family!

"Here was a dilemma. The attitude and act of prayer had long been strange to the youth, and he was not prepared for such a request; and in default of his ability to comply with it, the Feejee chief (who had probably been visited and taught by some wandering missionary who had casually landed upon that island) raised his voice in prayer, while the native of a Christian and civilized land, himself unused to devotion, stood by and listened! Was not this a striking scene? But mark the result. Our young sailor returned to his ship, and in due course of time to his home. Hastening to his brother, a clergyman of the Episcopalian Church, residing in the neighborhood, he told him the story of the prayer he had heard put up by a savage islander in that far-distant ocean, and confessed to him that that prayer had been followed by an answering effect, in the conversion of him who was so strangely called upon to listen to it.

"He now desired to redeem the time he had so sadly wasted, and to devote himself actively, and in the most self-sacrificing way, to the cause of religion. Steadily adhering to his purpose, he became a church member, a candidate for orders in the church, and an accepted missionary to Africa, whither he is about to go, under the auspices of the Foreign Missionary Committee of the Protestant Episcopal Church. But not alone.

"On 1st instant, the services of the day being finished at Trinity Church, that superb and spacious temple was almost immediately filled to overflowing by a crowd of expectant spectators of a most interesting scene. The clergyman alluded to in my narrative came in and took his place in the chancel.

"The front portals of the church were thrown open, and a bridal party entered and advanced to the altar, where a fair young bride (the daughter of one of the officiating minister's most respectable parishioners) was united in wedlock to the hero (for is he not a hero?) of my narrative; whose labors as a missionary of Christianity she has devoted herself to share."

### AWKWARD ACCIDENT TO A BOY-HUNTER.

A lad whose parents had positively forbid his hunting, at Petersburg, Virginia, started out on Wednesday, without their knowledge, on a gunning excursion. He had proceeded but a short distance in Dinwiddie County before he espied a squirrel in the topmost branches of a very tall double oak. This young Nimrod, being an excellent marksman, succeeded in killing the squirrel, but it lodged on a limb, and though several additional shots were discharged, all failed to dislodge the little animal. The huntsman proceeded to ascend the tree, and had nearly reached the object of his pursuit when he slipped and fell into the crotch of the tree, where he became so firmly wedged, that all efforts to extricate himself proved unavailing. Fortunately he is blessed with a Stentorian pair of lungs, which he called to his aid, and made the forest ring with his cries for help. An old colored man heard his lamentations, and procuring an axe, soon relieved the youth from his disagreeable and painful situation. He escaped with only a few very severe scratches, but lost the entire leg of a pair of new pantaloons, which betrayed his truancy to his parents upon his arrival home, and for which he received a sound thrashing, and was sent to bed on an empty stomach.

### EXCOMMUNICATION BY TELEGRAPH.

We read in the Boston *Courier*: "Some years since an unhappy misunderstanding arose between the worthy minister of an Episcopal Church in one of our country towns and a worthy gentleman, his leading and wealthiest parishioner—in fact, the patron of the parish, and, if we mistake not, the actual builder of the house of worship, without whom it could not have been at all, and by whose aid it was principally sustained. The result of such a controversy could not be doubtful for a moment; the priest, perforce, yielded to the layman, and was compelled to resign his charge.

"We will suppose that, naturally, in a controversy of this sort, some high-handed things may have been said and done by the prevailing party which could scarcely be reconciled with the meekness of the Gospel profession, in full communion with which the lay brother was. At all events the successor of the deposed minister, after being inducted into his office, felt it his duty to administer a certain degree of discipline to the offending layman, in virtue of the sacred office he held: and, in fact, intimated, so that it reached the ears of the party concerned, his purpose to suspend him from the communion. To this discipline the gentleman in question was by no means disposed to submit. Accordingly, upon receiving a letter directed in the well-known handwriting of his pastor, and guessing its contents, of which he did not choose to be informed, he returned it to the reverend man unopened. Several similar efforts met with the same ill-fortune; nor was the clergyman more successful in employing personal means of making known his designs; for the recusant parishioner steadfastly refused any intercourse of this sort; and when it happened that he was about to meet his clergyman in the street, 'he passed by on the other side.'

"It seemed a really hopeless case; but who shall reckon the extent of the final perseverance of the saints? And what man can count upon being victorious over the resolute fidelity of the Church? After the lapse of some time, the clergyman was called away from home to attend a convention at a distance. At his first stopping-place, a bright thought occurred to him; he took his way to the telegraph office, and thus, in a mode not to be suspected, communicated to his parishioner the fact of his suspension from the holy ordinance of communion. The latter was struck aghast at first, but saw there was no help for it. 'Well,' said he, 'I see the telegraph is not only a means of communication, but of *ex*-communication, too.'"

### FIGHT WITH A BEAR IN THE WATER.

We read in the Detroit *Free Press*: "Passengers by the Port Huron boats describe the killing of a large bear in the neighborhood of that place, a day or two since, in a peculiar manner. A man who lives on the American side had occasion to cross the St. Clair River early in the morning, and on the way across discovered a large bear, who was engaged in the same mission as himself, viz., endeavoring to gain her Majesty's dominions. He immediately made for the animal, and being able to make better head-way through the water, soon overtook him, and struck him on the head with one of his oars, having no other weapon. The bear turned on him, and, with the utmost coolness, commenced climbing into the boat, the man, in the mean time, belaboring his skull with the oar with all his might. The assailing party by this time found that he had caught a Tartar, and that he was likely to become the captured party himself. This apprehension was rendered nearly a certainty by the capsizing of the boat just as his bearship had nearly accomplished loading himself into it. The man, now thoroughly frightened, found himself in the water, clinging to one side of the boat, with the bear looking at him over the inverted bottom from the other side. He then made a desperate effort, righted the boat, ducked the bear and got in again, but was no sooner aboard than the bear made another rush at him and upset the boat again. A lively scene of flounderings followed, which were fast bringing matters to a crisis, when the battle was ended by the arrival of another man in a boat, who had witnessed the fight from the shore, and come off to the assistance of the first adventurer. He split the bear's head open with an axe, killing him instantly. The animal weighed over 400 pounds.

### PERSONAL.

The Washington *Union* says: "We are advised by a private telegraphic dispatch from Memphis, that the Hon. William K. Sebastian has been re-elected to the United States Senate for six years from the 4th of March next, by the Legislature of Arkansas, now in session. The vote was nearly unanimous."

The Hartford *Times* says that the friends of Governor Seymour have received letters from him since his departure from St. Petersburg, announcing that he expects to meet ex-President Pierce in December, at Rome, and that he will not reach this country before the 1st of January, and possibly not till spring.

Mrs. Douglas, the accomplished lady of the Senator, was taken suddenly ill a few days since, an illness painful and dangerous to herself, and the consequences of which were doubtless the cause of much regret to her immediate family and friends generally. We are pleased to learn that she has partially recovered, and is, in fact, as well as could be expected.

General Paez will start for Venezuela in about ten days. He has been waited upon by General Sandford, and invited to be present to inspect the city militia with Governor King, on Evacuation Day (25th), and to lunch with the Governor and officers. The invitation, it is understood, was accepted.

Bishop M'Ilvaine is greatly improving in health, and may be expected in this country in a few weeks.

Mr. Hawthorne has gone to Rome. A book is expected from him next March or April.

Senator Broderick, of California, has arrived at St. Louis. He left Salt Lake October 1, and encountered a great deal of snow and severely cold weather on the mountains. By the upsetting of the stage, some distance west of Kansas city, Mr. Broderick had a rib broken, and was otherwise severely bruised. He also had a foot frozen while passing through the mountains.

The New York correspondent of the Boston *Post* says: "Cozzens has returned in high spirits from Brussels. He has had a chat with King Leopold and with the Duke of Brabant, and seems to have been highly impressed with the beauty of the Duchess. She is a sister of the present Emperor of Austria, and is considered to be a strong likeness to the unfortunate Marie Antoinette. Sparrowgrass is as humorous as ever, and it is a great treat to hear him relate some of his experiences, his face radiant with fun, and shifting his hat accessorily, in a slightly defiant manner, Young *a la* America! An old English gentleman informed him that the present American embassador in London, Mr. Buckingham, was a very pleasant person, upon which Sparrowgrass took the liberty to remark that, having a letter of introduction to that functionary, he happened to know that his name was Dallas: whereupon the old English gentleman beat a retreat, remarking that he confounded the name of the embassador with that of the President *Buckingham!* To relish the story in its vegetable raciness you must have it fresh from the sparkling Catawba lips of Sparrowgrass himself."

Ole Bull is traveling in Norway. As he was lately walking quietly through the street of the small town of Dramen, smoking his cigar, he was suddenly accosted by a police officer, who led him off to the Commissary of Police, by whom he was sentenced to pay a fine for violating the police regulations, which forbid smoking in the streets. Unfortunately, Ole Bull had come out without putting his purse in his pocket; he was consequently sent to prison, and it was not until the next day, on ascertaining who he was, that the official sent an order for his release. The Norwegian journals have taken up the cause of the *artiste*, and at the present moment the cigar of Ole Bull has assumed the magnitude of a question of high importance.

The Cincinnati *Gazette* having stated, on the authority of an Indiana journal, that the distinguished Senator who won $180,000 in a gambling-house last winter, in Washington, was the Hon. James A. Pearce, of Maryland, the Hon. Tom Corwin writes to that paper, contradicting the statement. Tom says: "I know Mr. Pearce well; I know he never did play at any game during my long and intimate acquaintance with him. Mr. Pearce is not that style of man."

A correspondent of *Galignani's Messenger* sends the following, dated Nice, October 29:

"General Garibaldi, cousin of the murdered man, has just left Nice for the little estate which he cultivates on the island of Madalene, a dot on the Mediterranean off the coast of Sardinia. The former defender of Rome is popular in this town, on account of his honesty when in power and of his unassuming manners. He has not abandoned his position of captain in the merchant service, and is about to depart on a South American voyage. His son is also a sea captain; his daughter has been adopted by a wealthy family of Nice."

Colonel Moody, Royal Engineers, and late Governor of the Falkland Islands, is at present stopping at the Clarendon. This gentleman goes out as Commissioner of Lands and Works to Vancouver's Island and British Columbia.

Captain Gossett and Lady Anne Gossett and children are also at the Clarendon. Captain Gossett is son of the late Sir William Gossett, Sergeant-at-Arms to the House of Commons, and is in the Royal Engineers. We believe that he accompanies Colonel Moody to Vancouver's Island.

Mrs. Amelia Pinkney, one of the most accomplished ladies of Annapolis, Maryland, died on the 4th inst., in the 80th year of her age. The Annapolis *Gazette* says:

"Her industry was wonderful. The records of the State Department bear evidence of a skill in penmanship, and a capacity for business, rarely met with in women. After her 70th year she wrote 1500 closely written pages, full of the stores of her rich mind and cultivated taste, solely for the perusal and gratification of those who cheered the last years of her bodily suffering. When past her 70th year she wrote in six weeks 500 verses of poetry, on the subject of the Queens of England, without the erasure of a line or change of a word."

In the Circuit Court at Batavia, before Judge Davis, Barber G. Buell recovered $1450 in a suit against the Central Railroad Company, in consequence of injuries received on the cars at Bergen, in October, 1857.

Ex-Governor Schley, of Georgia, is exceedingly ill at his residence in Augusta. He has been confined to his room for several days by a severe attack of disease, and on yesterday, we learn, was affected with paralysis.

The *Christian Advocate and Journal* says: "A young man came up, immediately after it was known that we had increased (by $30,000) the missionary appropriation for the year, and said he would give $1000 the coming year."

Hon. Jefferson Davis returned to his residence in Warren county, Mississippi, on the 5th inst. The Vicksburg *Whig* says that his health is almost completely restored.

The heirs of Ebenezer Francis, of Boston, besides the donation of $5000 to Dr. Jackson (to whom the testator left only $500), have presented a like sum to Dr. Putnam, of Roxbury, and Dr. Gannett, of Boston. Total, $15,000.

A correspondent from Springfield, Illinois, announces the very serious illness of the Hon. Thomas L. Harris, of that State. The writer fears that he will never be able to leave his bed again. To his many friends throughout the country this announcement will give great pain.

Bishop Potter, of Pennsylvania, made a speech recently in Liverpool, at a banquet at which Lord Brougham presided. He spoke in response to a toast in honor of the clergy of all denominations.

Mr. Jonathan Moses, now resident at Exeter, New Hampshire, writes for a Portsmouth (Massachusetts) paper certain reminiscences of the early years of the town, and signs himself "A Portsmouth boy in his ninety-third year."

Mrs. Julia Branch, who figured at Rutland as the advocate of the "Free-Love" doctrine, has prepared a lecture with the suggestive title of "Mrs. Grundy."

The Wyoming *Mirror* says: "We are pleased to hear of the improvement of Senator Halsted's health, and hope for his entire recovery. He will be able to be in his seat at the commencement of the session."

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# FOREIGN NEWS.

## ENGLAND.

### MORPHY AND STAUNTON.

MR. MORPHY has published a letter from him to Lord Lyttelton, President of the British Chess Association, in which, after reviewing Mr. Staunton's conduct, he closes as follows:

"From Mr. Staunton I now appeal to the great body of English chess players—I appeal to the British Chess Association—I appeal to yourself, my Lord, as the Mæcenas of English chess. And as I visited your country for the purpose of challenging Mr. Staunton—which challenge he has repeatedly accepted—I now demand of you that you shall declare to the world it is through no fault of mine that this match has not taken place.

I have the honor to remain, my Lord, yours, very respectfully, PAUL MORPHY.

"CAFE DE LA REGENCE, PARIS, *October* 25, 1858."

Mr. Edge, Mr. Morphy's friend, thus sums up the controversy:

"To sum up the whole matter, I will state the naked facts:

"1. Mr. Morphy came to Europe to play Mr. Staunton.

"2. Mr. Staunton made every body believe he had accepted the challenge from Mr. Morphy.

"3. Mr. Staunton allowed the St. George's Chess Club to raise the money to back him.

"4. Mr. Staunton asked for a delay of one month, in order to brush up his openings and endings.

"5. Mr. Staunton requested a postponement until after the Birmingham meeting.

"6. Mr. Staunton fixed the beginning of November for the commencement of the match.

"If all this do not mean 'I will play,' then is there no meaning in language. I beg to subscribe myself, Mr. Editor, most respectfully yours,

"FREDERICK MILNE EDGE.

"HOTEL BRETEUIL, PARIS, *October*, 20, 1858."

### THRILLING STORY OF SHIPWRECK.

Mr. John Fowler, a cabin passenger on board the *Eastern City*, furnishes a graphic account of the burning of that vessel on the passage from Liverpool to Melbourne, South Australia. The *Eastern City* was a ship of 1368 tons burden, and the property of Messrs. Baines & Co., of Liverpool. She was commanded by Captain Johnstone, and had a crew of 47 men, including officers. She left Liverpool on the 10th of July, with 180 passengers and 1600 tons of general cargo.

According to Mr. Fowler's narrative the *Eastern City* reached the equator on the 11th of August, after a long continuance of contrary and baffling winds, and the passengers were in expectation of reaching Australia in 70 or 75 days. On the 21st of August the wind blew strong from the northwest, and on the following day it increased to half a gale, with a heavy sea, the ship rolling a great deal, and frequently going from twelve to fourteen knots an hour.

### FIRE AT SEA.

On the 23d the wind veered round to the southwest, but the sea continued high, and at 2 P.M. an alarm of fire was raised, and smoke was seen issuing from the fore hatch. The passengers and crew were all ordered on deck, and it was believed that all had obeyed the order; but it was afterward discovered that one of the steerage passengers, named M'Lean, was missing, and he is supposed to have been suffocated in his berth. Hopes were entertained at first of extinguishing the fire, as it did not seem to increase; but after half an hour it was found that no progress was made, notwithstanding the vast quantities of water that had been pumped into the hold. It was now apparent that the only chance was to endeavor to smother the fire. Accordingly, blankets, shawls, plaids, and old sails were used for that purpose, but all in vain. The women and children, about 60 in number, were removed to the poop. The captain hauled up the courses and put the ship before the wind, had the boats provisioned, and every thing in readiness to lower away at a moment's notice. Both passengers and crew worked all night in their endeavors to subdue the flames, the captain cheering them all the while, and never leaving the deck for a moment. His courage is described as admirable, and he never ceased to comfort the women and children by assurances that they would be all safe in the boats.

### GLOOMY PROSPECT.

To add to their danger they were more than 600 miles from the nearest land, the boats could carry no more than one-half of the persons in the ship, and the sea ran so high that no boat could be launched in safety, nor live long, crowded as they must necessarily have been. Their only chance was of being picked up; but this was a forlorn hope, as they were out of the track of vessels; and those who realized the full extent of their danger felt that their destruction was simply a question of hours. Still they worked with a will, adopting every means to smother the fire. The morning of the 24th broke at length, but the sea still ran high, and the ship scudded before the wind. About noon the fore-yard came down by the run, but without injuring any one. There was evidently very little hope, and many of those on board became quite resigned to their terrible fate. The decks became very hot, and the flames were expected every moment to be seen issuing from the bows, and they were in dread of the foremast giving way, which must have precipitated their fate, as its fall must have torn up part of the deck, through which the flames would burst. At this stage the captain, purser, and Mr. Fowler threw bottles overboard, containing details of the sad catastrophe. Their rescue from impending death is thus described by Mr. Fowler:

### THE RESCUE.

"The captain, chief officer, purser, doctor, Mr. Warner, the other chief cabin passenger, and myself, went into the saloon at 2 o'clock P.M. to eat something, for we were all becoming faint. We were eating what we believed to be our last meal, but we were all calm, and even cheerful, Captain Johnstone asking to be excused for the manner in which he was breaking up the preserved salmon, which, with a few biscuits, was to form our dinner; and I for appearing at dinner in such a guise, being literally covered, hands and face, with tar. At about 2.30 o'clock P.M., and when about to say 'Good-by,' in case of not meeting again before the final catastrophe, we were startled with the cry of 'A sail!' I do not know how we all tumbled on deck, but we were there in an instant. How I looked to windward, and how faint and ill I felt when I at first failed to perceive any thing but the ocean and a few black clouds just at the edge of the horizon; how we all at last saw the sail, just like a distant gull—she was coming down upon us—close by the edge of the sun's rays on the sea; how we all cheered and wept, and prayed, and laughed, and clasped each other's hands, and cheered again; how great rough fellows hugged each other and wept like children; how men, who had probably never prayed before, muttered sincere thanksgivings; and how those who had preserved the greatest indifference when death seemed so near, were now completely overcome, I can not describe. I shook hands with at least one hundred, many of them rough, illiterate men, but who had worked with a high courage in the hour of danger, and who were now as sincere in their feelings of thankfulness as the best of us. In less than half an hour from the time we first sighted her, the vessel, which proved to be the *Merchantman*, of and from London, with troops for Calcutta, passed close under our stern. How we cheered her, and she returned our cheer as only British soldiers and sailors can cheer. Our captain hailed through his trumpet, 'We are on fire; will you stand by us?' to which Captain Brown returned a hearty, 'Ay, ay, and send my boats to assist you.'

### ALL SAFE.

"Soon two of the *Merchantman's* boats and three of our own were launched; but the sea was still high; and we expected every moment to see some of them swamped or dashed in pieces alongside; but thanks to ability and care of Mr. Punnell and Mr. Jones, the first and second officers of the *Merchantman*, and of our own officers in charge of the boats, they were conducted between the two vessels without a single accident. We first embarked the women and children, and by 8 P.M. we were all safely on board the *Merchantman*, our captain being the last to leave.

"On arriving on board the *Merchantman*, every thing had been provided by Captain Brown for the relief and comfort of the rescued passengers, in which he was assisted by Captain Dawson, commanding the troops. They had prepared hot tea and biscuits for 400. The women and children were accommodated in the cuddy and officers' rooms, and the crew and passengers mustered and told off to mess with the soldiers and sailors without the slightest confusion. The *Merchantman* stood by the burning ship during the night, and at about 2 A.M. the flames burst forth over the topgallant forecastle. Soon after the foremast went over the side, and in half an hour the main and mizzen masts went, and soon after she was a mass of flames. We could see her still burning until about 5 o'clock A.M., when the *Merchantman* having stood for Table Bay, the distance became too great for us to distinguish other than a dark cloud resting against the dim horizon, which was the last we saw of our ship. We in the first cabin saved a portion of our luggage, but the whole of the other passengers and the majority of the crew lost every thing. But we were all truly thankful for our preservation from a terrible and inevitable death, and we all feel that the finger of Providence was in it; for had the *Merchantman* not been obliged to put into Rio de Janeiro, in consequence of the illness of her medical officer then in charge of the troops, she could not have been so far out of her course, and in a position to rescue us."

## FRANCE.

### THE LATEST MIRACLE.

Chartères, in Champagne, France, has just been astonished by a new miracle. Its church contains the relics of St. Caprias, in whose honor pilgrimages have been made from time immemorial. This pilgrimage was very popular formerly, but for the last fifty years has fallen off a good deal, although St. Caprias had never been invoked in vain for the cure of the rheumatism. On the 20th ult., during the mass of the first day of the annual novena in honor of the Saint, the wife of a vine-dresser named Brion, aged about forty, went into a trance, during which she says she saw distinctly, in the midst of a light more brilliant than the sun, an old man with a venerable face (probably St. Caprias). From that moment of ecstasy, this poor woman, who for more than ten years has been completely paralyzed throughout her right side, walked with great difficulty by the aid of crutches, and had completely lost her voice, recovered her speech and the use of her limbs so perfectly that she cried out loud enough to be heard by every body in the church, "*Ah! quel bonheur!*" and straightway leaving the place, she walked alone, and without the aid of her crutches, to the shrine, as if she had always been well. Since that time nothing has occurred to lead one to suppose the cure is not a permanent one. Mrs. Brion now walks the streets of the village, which a few days ago were so toilsome to her, with a light step, and it is her continual joy to tell all whom she meets what she has experienced.

### MORPHY'S SUCCESS IN PARIS.

In a letter to the *Herald* we have the following: "St. Arnaut says, in a late article, 'Paris has been pining for a hero for years past, and now we have a hero among heroes.' Paul Morphy can not go any where without being pointed at; all the shopkeepers know him and address him by name; at the theatres or opera he is stared at. Scarcely a paper appears without some information as to his movements. And yet, to my own personal knowledge, no man has ever done less to court popularity than this young hero. All that is laudatory is also honest, or he would not be continually appearing in the *Charivari*, *Punch*, etc., papers which never interfere with any man until he is universally known. Duchesses have sent after him to their *chateaux*, countesses and other *grandes dames fête* him at their hotels, and princes of royal blood invite him to their boxes at the opera. Never since the Il Puttino has chess knight-errant met such courtly favor.

"There remains but one victory for Morphy to gain—that over the German champion, Anderssen. Anderssen, however, can not leave his duties until the middle of December, and Morphy talks of quitting Europe in November. I can assure you that his departure will be universally regretted, and Morphy himself would prefer remaining through the winter. Surely his family ought to feel that a man "so gifted by high Heaven" belongs to the world rather than to himself; and as he is only just beginning life, surely three or four months will make but little difference. Should he leave for his home before spring, his relatives may rest assured that no determination on their part will be able to resist the immense pressure which will be brought to bear upon Paul Morphy to return to Europe next year."

## GERMANY.

### THE MILLIONAIRE AND THE DANSEUSE.

The Philadelphia *Bulletin* translates from a German paper the following curious story:

"A very pretty danseuse has lately created great excitement at Berlin. Mademoiselle Lilienthal made so many pirouettes one fine evening on the stage of the Theatre Royal that she turned the head of Herr Comptoir, a rich millionaire of Vienna, who was on a visit to the Prussian capital. The beautiful limbs of the fair Terpsichore touched his heart so deeply that he demanded her hand in marriage. Of course you will say that she at once accepted the offer. Not at all. She made her conditions, as follows: 1st. An apartment separate from that of her husband; 2d. A carriage and servants for herself, 3d. Fifteen thousand francs a year for her toilet; and, finally (for she calculated every thing), three hundred thousand francs in case of separation. Mr. Comptoir subscribed to these slightly unreasonable conditions, and last week all the gay world of Berlin witnessed, in the cathedral, the marriage of the millionaire with the danseuse."

## RUSSIA.

### FRAUDS DETECTED BY ASTRONOMY.

A St. Petersburg letter says: "The result of the calculations lately made by the well-known astronomer, Professor Struve, of the University of Dorpat, relative to the true geographical positions of St. Petersburg and Moscow, and the distance between the two capitals of the empire, is, that the actual length of the railroad is, by astronomical observations, no less than 83½ versts (about 60 miles) shorter than its nominal length of 607 versts, or, in other words, that the Government, for whose account the railroad was constructed, has had to pay about one-seventh of the value, or twelve millions of rubles, more than it ought to have paid. As the rolling stock of the St. Petersburg and Moscow Railway is furnished by an American company, who are paid for the same at so much per verst, it follows that in this quarter the Government have been paying also a most fearful overcharge. The Emperor was in the most violent state of excitement on learning the above, and gave immediate orders for the strictest investigation into the facts of the case to be made, with the view to inflict the most summary judgment on the parties inculpated in this nefarious transaction."

## TURKEY.

### THE "WABASH" AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

The following letter from the commander of the steam frigate *Wabash*, whose visit to Constantinople has occasioned so much comment, has been received at the Navy Department:

"FLAG SHIP 'WABASH,'
"CONSTANTINOPLE, *October* 26, 1858.

"SIR,—On my arrival at Constantinople the most lively demonstrations were manifested by the authorities. A moment after anchoring, Rear-Admiral Mehemed Pacha, our guest in the United States last winter, came on board, offering the warmest congratulations and all the conveniences of the port. The usual visits were made to the several heads of departments, and received with a degree of ceremony very unusual under similar circumstances, evincing a desire to acknowledge and reciprocate in every possible manner those civilities which were extended to their officers.

"Previous to our reception at court I was presented to the Sultan, as he was passing from the Mosque to his barge—I, in company with our Minister, Consul-General, and many others, being there for the purpose of witnessing the ceremonies. Such a presentation was entirely unprecedented, and the especial mark of favor thus bestowed can be only attributed to the kindly feelings entertained by his Majesty for the United States. Upon this occasion the Sultan expressed most cordially his pleasure at our visit, and stated that he had issued orders for every attention to be shown us, etc.; and in reply to an invitation to visit the ship, answered he would certainly do so.

"On Monday, the 18th, I, together with the officers of the ship, was presented at court, and experienced a most flattering reception.

"Yesterday the Sultan came on board. His Majesty went throughout the ship, manifesting much interest in every thing. He was pleased to compliment us upon the beauty of the model, her efficient and warlike appearance, and her admirable condition. He also reiterated his friendly feelings for our country, wished us to prolong our stay, and particularly desired that the President of the United States might be informed of his visit to the *Wabash*.

"I am, with great respect, your obedient servant,
"E. G. F. LAVALLETTE, *Flag Officer*,
"*Commanding Mediterranean Squadron.*

"To Hon. ISAAC TOUCEY, Secretary of the Navy, Washington, D. C."

### SIR HENRY BULWER IN LIMBO.

The London *Times* contains the following extract from a commercial letter dated at Constantinople: "Sir H. L. Bulwer was passing the streets at Pera on horseback, preceded by his groom, on the 20th of October, being a holy day (the nativity of Mohammed), some of the Sultan's levy driving in their carriages, the horse of the groom touched one of their horses, and the rider struck him with his whip; the groom used his whip also. Sir H. Bulwer endeavored to separate them, when the remainder of the eunuchs rushed on the embassador and struck him several blows. The embassador was arrested and taken to the police station at Pera."

## JAPAN.

### HOW THE EMPEROR LIVES.

A Japan letter makes Mr. Consul Harris thus describe the Emperor: "The Emperor is, as you may suppose, very rich, and yet I am positive that his table and clothing do not cost him $500 a year. Why that sum would not more than pay for the gloves of a Broadway dandy with us! You have doubtless seen the thick, soft matting with which the floors of their houses are covered. Well, the floors of the palace are covered in the same way, and this matting serves as the Emperor's bed, as well as that of the poorest house serves as the bed of his poorest subject. He stretches himself out, with a wooden pillow under his head, and sleeps a sleep rarely granted to his brother monarchs. To see a Japanese thus sleeping, with his head abruptly raised five or six inches, you would predict a stiff neck or future spinal affection as a general result; and yet there is not a more healthy people living.

"'What did the Emperor look like?' one of us asked.

"'Quite a fine looking man, with a soft voice and pleasant smile. I suppose he is some thirty-five years old. In fact, I know he is; for, as it is considered polite in Japan to ask one his age and how many children he has, I was, of course, polite. Poor fellow! He has what one of us would consider a miserable life. He does not leave the palace but once in two years; and then, as he passes through the town, every one must leave the streets and close the doors and windows of their houses. Their custom does not allow them even to look at him. This is the temporal Emperor of Jeddo, of whom I now speak; the case of the spiritual Emperor, at Miaco, is even worse, for he never leaves his palace. He is venerated so much that they can not even run the risk of his being looked upon by the crowd.'

### WHAT THE JAPANESE HAVE DONE WITH OUR PRESENTS.

"Speaking of Commodore Perry, I asked him how the Japanese had treated the expensive presents which that officer had presented them, on the part of the Government, three or four years back?

"'Well, I know I am going to surprise you now,' he replied. 'You know that Commodore Perry gave them, among other things, a circular railroad, an engine and a tender, and a brass boat howitzer—one of the Dahlgren guns. They have a large house built for the safe keeping of this railroad, and every now and then take it out, lay the track, get up steam, and then away go a dozen or more high officers upon a circular pleasure trip. Japanese engineers have charge of every thing, and are never at a loss in the discharge of their duty. I suppose that they will soon have a track laid from Kanagawa to Jeddo, but I doubt if the railroad will pay in any other part of Japan; the country is too broken. As for the boat howitzer, they have had one thousand cast exactly like it, and mounted them in the forts of their different ports. And now here is something else that will surprise you. Upon both Fourths of July that I have passed here, and once upon Washington's birthday, they fired a salute of twenty-one guns with these howitzers. Mr. Heuskins and myself attended, with the American flag flying, and the people exhibited the greatest good feeling and enthusiasm. One might almost have imagined them Americans.'

"'What have they done with the electric telegraph that was presented them?' I asked.

"'Little or nothing, I think. But I am not certain. They are making astonishing headway, however, in the groundwork for future intercourse with the world.'"

## CANADA.

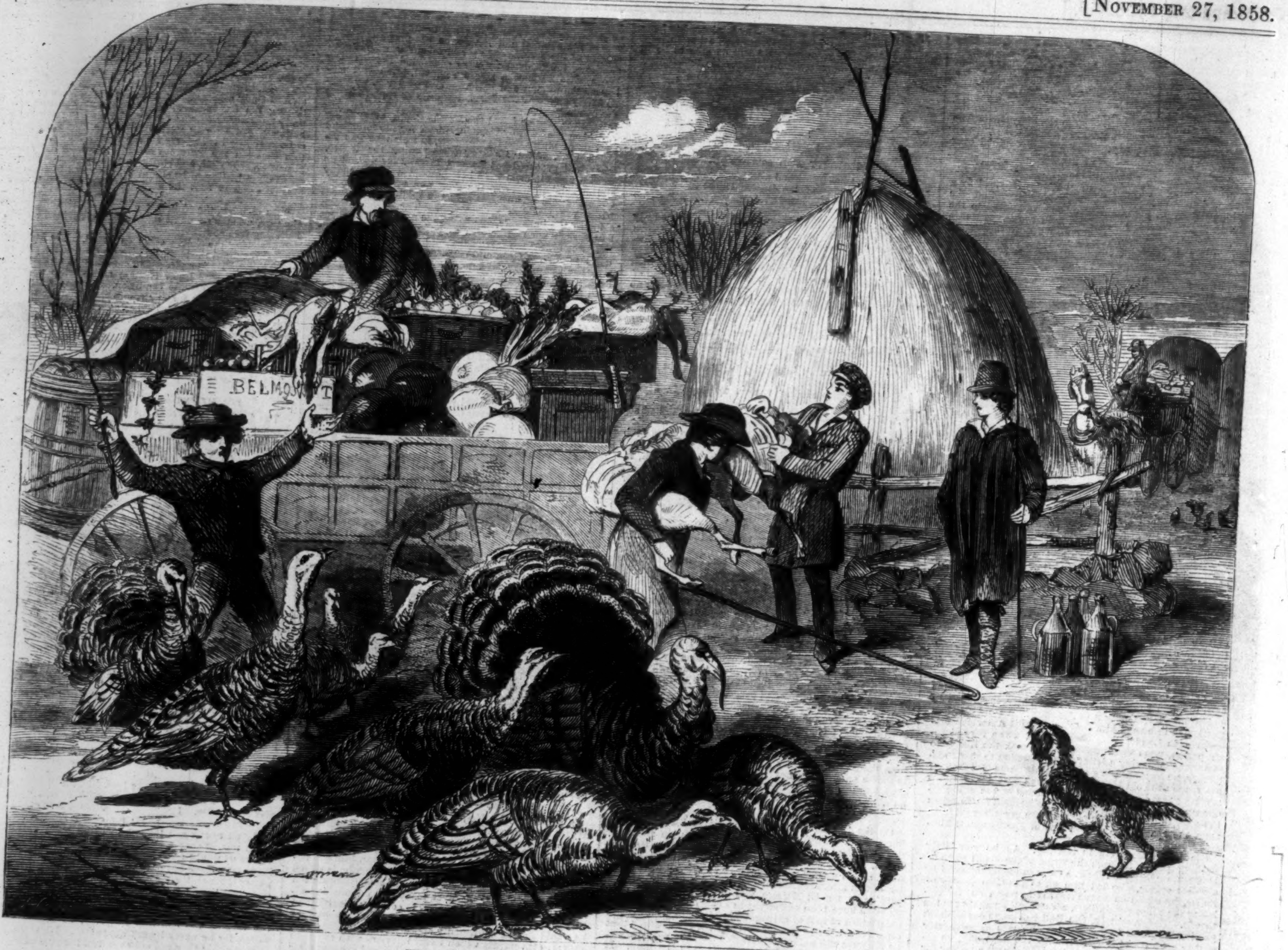
### ANOTHER LIVING CORPSE.

A Montreal paper has the following: "A few days ago a respectable man in the employment of one of the largest mercantile houses in Quebec took passage in a schooner for Baie St. Paul, on a visit to his relations. He carried with him a good stock of wearing apparel, and a check for the amount of his wages—a considerable sum. On the voyage he fell sick, and apparently died—or, what is more probable, became insensible from some narcotic administered to him. The captain of the schooner having taken possession of his clothing and money, sent two of the crew ashore to bury the dead passenger. They dug the grave, threw him in, and had begun to cover up the body, when the dead man, contrary to all law in such cases made and provided, suddenly sat bolt upright, and inquired, 'Have we arrived at last?' The amateur sextons took to their heels and fled, leaving their task but half accomplished. The corpse vindicated its vitality by cries which brought the assistance of a gentleman fishing in the neighborhood, and the half-buried victim was released from the grave, well cared for, and, as soon as it was fit to travel, forwarded home. In the mean time the false sea captain proceeded on his voyage. Arriving at St. Paul he told of the death of his passenger and his burial, and gave to his friends a portion of his worst clothes, retaining his best, and the check for his wages. When asked whether he had no checks or money, he denied it. Proceeding thence to Quebec he changed the check, invested the money in flour, and returned with flying colors, little dreaming that the buried man was following in pursuit."

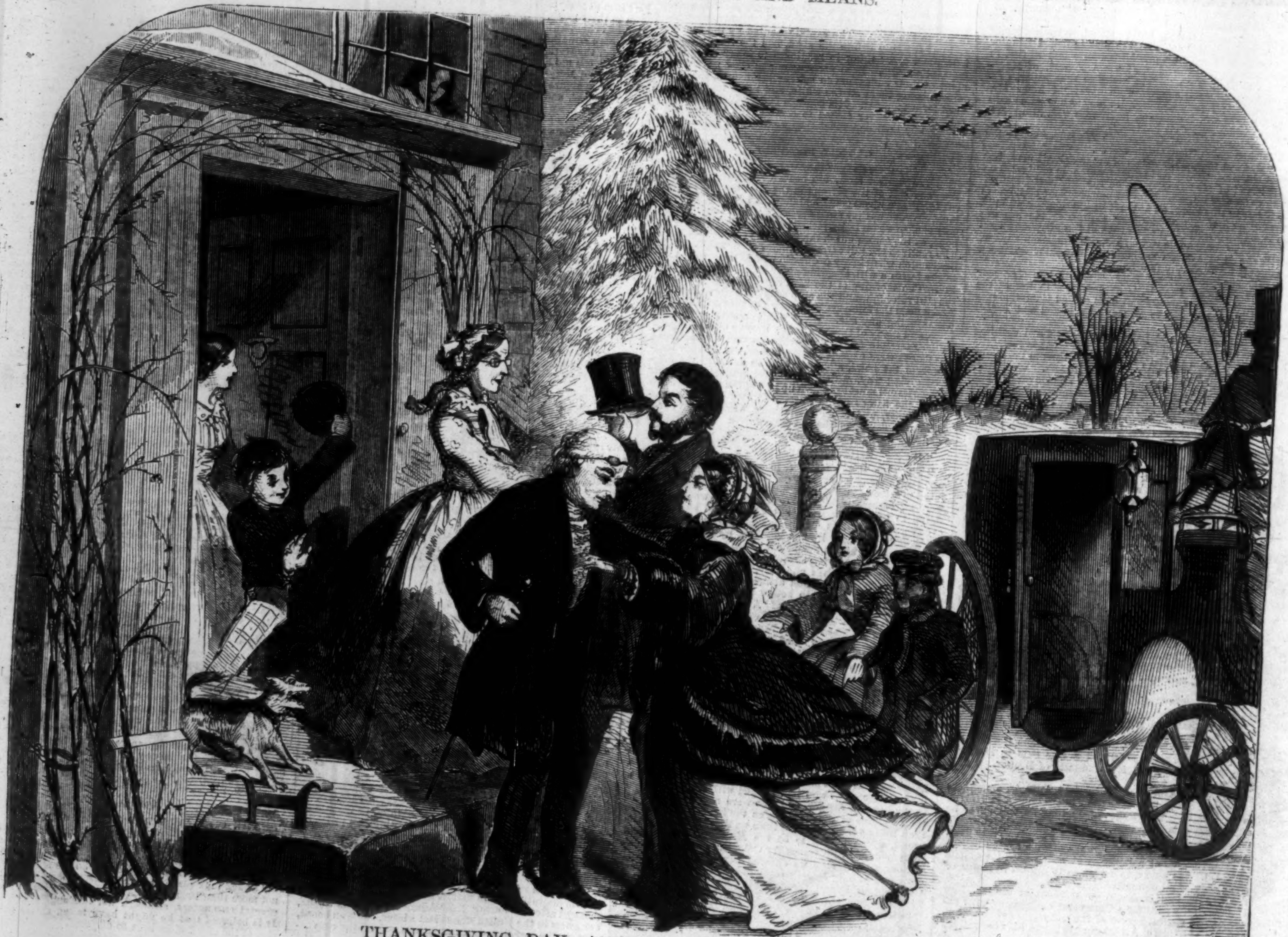
## MEXICO.

### THE CITY ATTACKED BY THE LIBERALS.

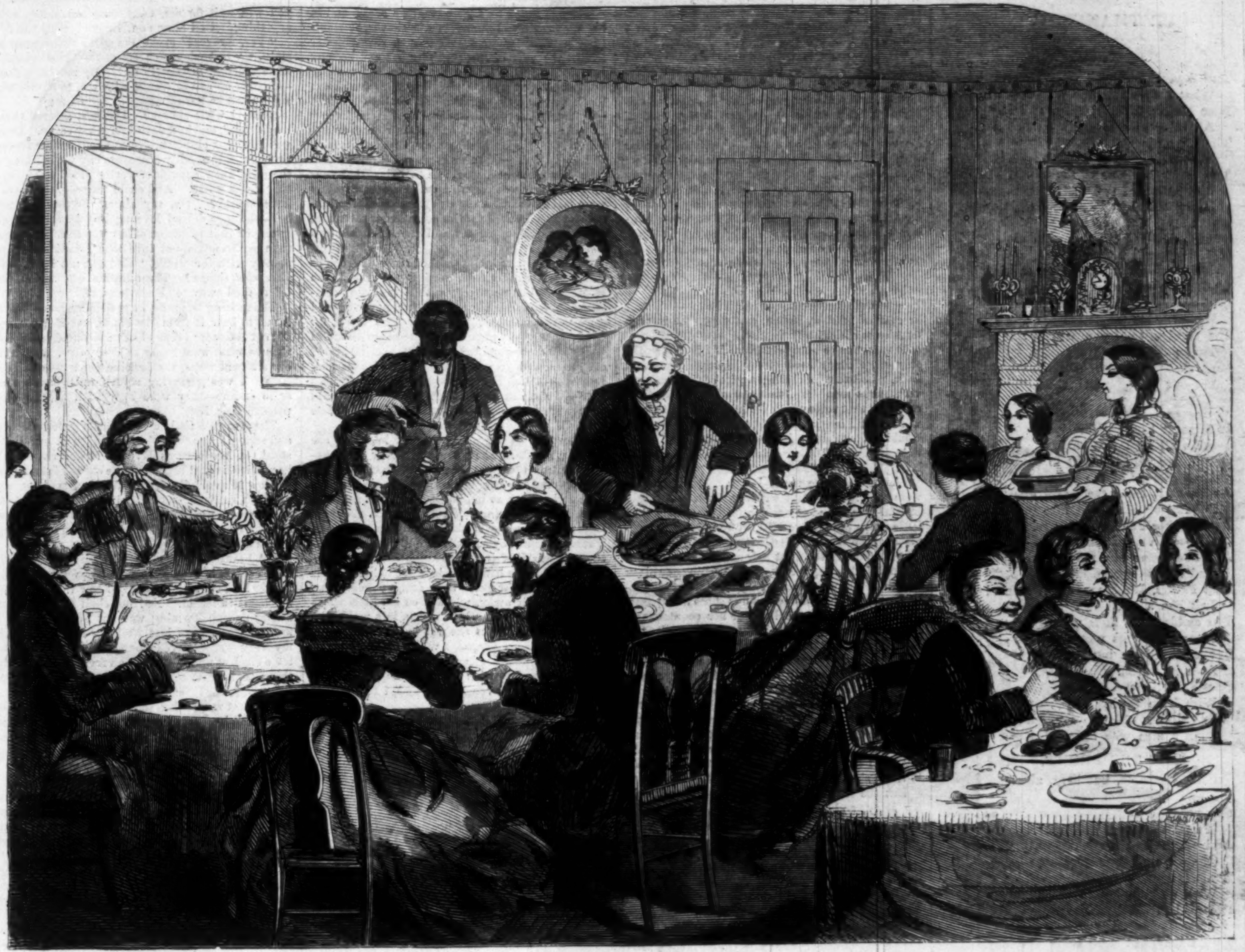
A battle has been fought between the Liberals and Zuloaga's forces in the City of Mexico. It seems that the place was besieged by 3600 Liberals, under General Blanco, on the 14th of October, and on the following day the attack took place; but notwithstanding Zuloaga had not more than 1000 men, Blanco saw fit to withdraw after several encounters, although not thoroughly defeated. It is believed that he might have taken entire possession of the city had he been so disposed.



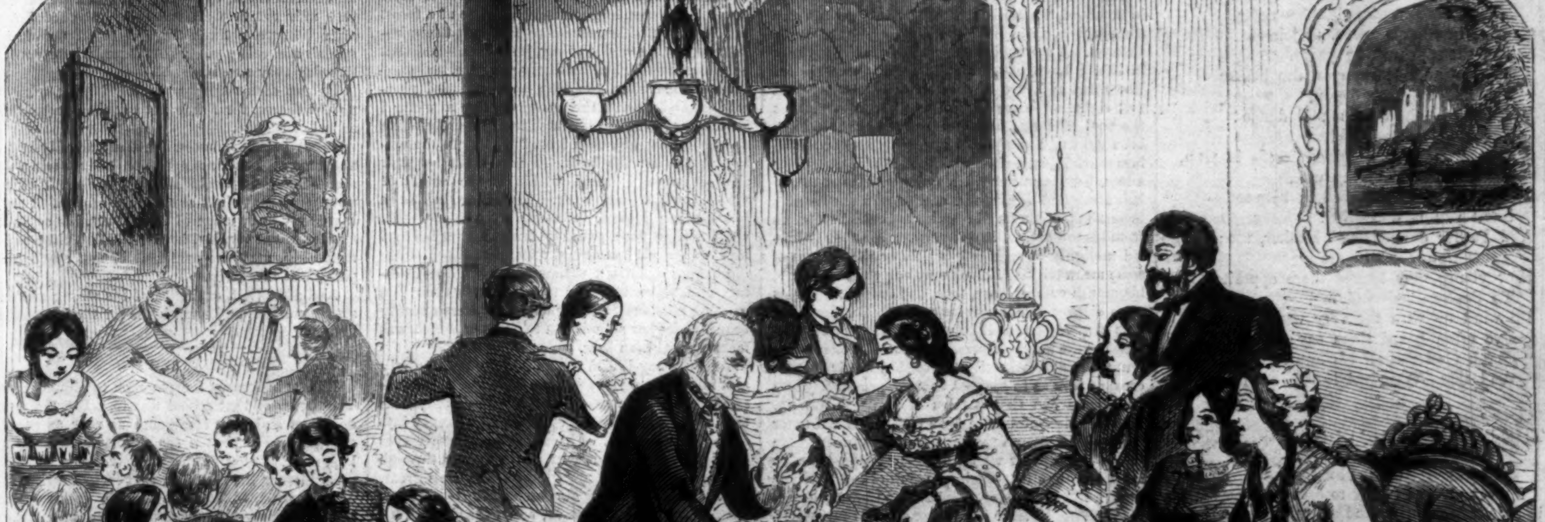
THANKSGIVING DAY—WAYS AND MEANS.



THANKSGIVING DAY—ARRIVAL AT THE OLD HOME.



THANKSGIVING DAY—THE DINNER.



THANKSGIVING DAY—THE DANCE.

## OUR THANKSGIVING.

### THE PREPARATION.

THE days before "Thanksgiving,"
What busy days they were!
How Father, Mother, Jane, and I,
All labored to prepare.
The wagon-loads of fruit and grain
That poured upon us then;
The merry laughter of the maids,
The jesting of the men;
Oh! 'twas a sight to make one jump
(At least a boy like me),
Of custards, jellies, cakes, and pies,
Such quantities to see.
My Mother said, "Now, Ben, my boy"
(You see my name is Ben),
"Go search the hay-loft well for eggs,
Where hides the tufted hen;"
The turkeys, too—poor witless things!—
That gobble round our door,
Must sacrifice their tender breasts
For our "Thanksgiving" store.

### THE ARRIVAL.

It came at last, the day itself,
With all its lavish cheer—
Our Pastor *said* it ought to be
Most *cheerful* of the year—
And with it came the joyful guests,
Brimful of mirth and life,
And brother Joe (who's married now
To such a handsome wife)—
And Joe shone like the sun itself;
And *she*, so spruce and gay,
That Father, laughing, said it seemed
Just like a wedding day.
The children, in their wild delight,
Were boisterous now and then;
But soon became more orderly
At a hint from *Uncle Ben.*
Cousin Maria, too, arrived
With little Sophy Lee,
Who (Mother often says) would make
Such a nice wife for me.

### THE DINNER.

The dinner came, but here, alas!
I find description weak,
For words to suit those pumpkin-pies
'Twere vain indeed to seek;
And all the fair array of meats,
Of fowl, and flesh, and fish;
'Twas *too* much good enjoyed at once,
With nothing left to wish.
I've read of old Pythagoras,
And Epicurus, too;
I wish they had been there that day,
How they'd have stared! 'tis true:
And when the cider sparkled forth,
And all was converse gay,
We pitied those poor countries where
There's no "Thanksgiving Day."
But Mother, in her kindly heart,
Never forgets the poor;
And many an humbler board was spread
From her abundant store.

### THE DANCE.

The evening twilight settled down,
More friends and neighbors came,
Chatted in groups apart, or joined
The shout-provoking game.
The pine-knots blaze upon the hearth,
The fiddlers have begun,
We danced—oh, what a real dance!
The very soul of fun!
Both old and young joined hands in turn,
Joe and his blooming wife,
The children, too, danced in between—
I tell you it was—life!
And Father danced, and Mother, too;
'Twas wonderful to see
How young they looked there opposite
To Sophy Lee—and me.
I'll wind up with the very words
I've often heard them say:
"Thank God for all his annual gifts,
And this—Thanksgiving Day!"

## THE BOY-LOVE OF OLIVER WHARTON.

### CHAPTER I.

I HAVE stopped trying to count the gray hairs in my mustache now, and am in no risk of being classified under the banners of Young America. But if there be one thing which, at the calm distance of old age, I look upon with peculiar satisfaction, it is this modern day's recognition of boy-rights.

When I went to school the theory that any male person under the statute age of twenty-one years might, by the remotest possibility, be any thing but in the wrong where he differed from some one older than himself, would have been held, supposing any philosopher rash enough to propound it, as blank infidelity as well as the nebular hypothesis.

Subject to this healthful state of public sentiment, I began my career at Mounchesney Boarding-school, under the benign auspices of Dr. Aristodemus Hyde. For the six years that I spent there but three consoling ingredients entered into my cup of bitterness—the first, the consideration that constant severe friction produces condensation and callosity of surface; the second, that dear knowledge to school-boys, that I should one day be big enough "to thrash him myself;" the third, he had a daughter.

Among the boys I was called "Spider-legs," and rumored to be studying for the ministry. In neither respect were the boys altogether cherishing a fallacy: for, in the first place, I was a spindling lad of fourteen; and in the second, I had been from infancy destined to the Church, through the widely obtaining notion that feeble constitution, taciturnity, and a leaning toward weak tea, were evidences of a peculiar fitness for that profession. But however much I might be chastised by the Doctor, or satirized by my school-fellows, I never was degraded from one lofty sentiment—that of pure, whole-souled boy-love for the child of my inquisitor—Lucy Estcott Hyde, who, on going back to the old Mounchesney church-yard three days ago, my eyes read, with a libation whose vintage was nigh thirty years old,

WAS BORN ON THE 11TH OF AUGUST, 1813,
AND DIED ON THE SAME DAY OF THE SAME MONTH,
1831.
AGED JUST 18 YRS.

That was all the slab said through its moss. Clear as ever of mildew, lichen, and dust, the inscriptions on my heart told the rest.

It would have been wonderful if I had been the only one of Lucy's school-boy lovers. She was a dark, passionate brunette; a girl of that mature, voluptuous moulding, that queenly but winning carriage, that voice which is tuned to be set to such words as "*I love you!*"—and saying any thing else would be terrible to hear—which in a girl older than himself infallibly drive wild a half-mannish boy.

So she did have many lovers. *All* of our set were so. And I doubt whether her tormentingly blissful sway found any rebels until you came to the little chaps in pinafores. With a view to her complacency what martyr deeds were done by us, in the way of combing the front hair upward into a precipice painfully steep to look upon, brushing our black stockings till our calves were in a state of congestion, and stuffing the heels of our shoes with paper-wads to be nearer the light of her countenance. Not a jack-knife in school whose edge of deplorable obtusity did not tell of hard maples beautiful with her initials; not a deep pool of the little river, back of the garden, but had glassed back eyes precociously suicidal for her sake; not the tie of a neck-ribbon, not the set of a knee-buckle, not the cock of a hat, that had not been jealously rehearsed in her imaginary before it appeared in her real presence. Ah me! if to live is to be loved (and in my life I have learned that *not* to be loved is *not* to live), she lived long though she died early.

But the three adorers with whom particularly my story, and hers also, has to do, were myself, Joe Twining, and Peter Carlson.

Between Joe and myself there was all the zeal without any of the bad blood of rivalship. From the day I came to Mounchesney I had begun to love him as mine own self, to feel reciprocal attractions toward him as the complement of my own nature. For he, the strong, was as a fort to me, the puny; while the results of my patient labor were ever shared with him, the impatient and uncareful. We each knew the other loved Lucy—neither of us wished the other the shadow of a chance, but each feared his rival had one, in the poems on one side, the prowess on the other. Yet we were as generous in our antagonism as the lovers of Rose Salterne. Many a time after the lights were put out in the little dormitory we shared together did we mutually confide what we thought our successes or our *désagrémens* with the maiden, listen to each other with a sincere sympathy, then say, each to each, "Well, I hope *I* shall have her; good-night!" and go to sleep.

But if we two held our rival love, so to speak, in common, we neither of us certainly owned any communion with Lucy's third boy-lover, Peter Carlson. A more miserable and selfish oaf, so early in life, I have never met in all my experience. The form and face of the boy were repulsive at first sight. We compared him to Scarron without the soul of song; had Quilp or Quasimodo then been drawn, I don't think we should have done him much injustice in likening him to these. Over a low, beetling forehead his ragged tufts of sandy hair straggled like patches of ill-conditioned moss; beneath them his small eyes looked out like a bear's from his thicket, dull and heavy, unless they twinkled malignly at somebody's pain or the success of some mean trick. His nose was an obstinate stub, his mouth coarse, large, firm, and cruel. His arms were disproportionately long, his thick, blunt fingers always bent as if he were choking cats or distressing the hands of smaller boys; and his heavy trunk was so irrationally elevated by a pair of long, crooked legs as to suggest that the scaffolding was too high when that portion of him was put up. But all this could have been endured if his outer boy had not been a perfect type of his inner. He was a creature for whom no other purpose can be imagined than to punish so much of the world as he lived in for its sins. Incapable himself of feeling remorse, generous shame, or any of those spiritual pains which might punish a better boy, his bad heart went on unwhipped in its enjoyment of that class of cruelties which seem intangible to corporal chastisement, overturning his companion's schemes of happiness and muddying the water of our pure pleasures by disgusting suggestions, untimely rakings up of reconciled grievances, and garbled reports of what one of us had said of the other. Meanwhile he stood near under safe cover, and blinked in the only comfort that it was possible for him to feel.

Yet, would you believe it, Peter Carlson was the favorite boy of Dr. Aristodemus Hyde? *The* boy, who showed how benignantly the school succeeded on juvenile material—who took the medal as the best sample of Unblamable Lad, in the half-yearly exhibition—of whom the Doctor said to visitors, "Not good-looking, but fine mind; unimpeachably moral;" until visitors were confounded into the theory that it was an invariable law of nature that all good, studious boys should be ratty and mean-faced. In fine, he was the boy who had all of the holidays and ha'pence, none of the kicks and floggings.

Yet—as much as such a creature could, and in his way—he loved Lucy Hyde. That is, he wanted to possess her—to travel side by side with her adown the vale of life, pinching her and hearing her scream. The Doctor knew this, and secretly favored the boy's propensity toward his daughter; for Peter was a rich orphan—rich in his own right—in fact, it was rumored among us of Mounchesney School that there was no end to his riches, except the end this way. It might, one day, be a match, if the ugly little gold-fish was played adroitly—and then how pleasant it would be to reflect that your dear daughter was impaled on pins whose points were real diamond, in the enjoyment of all the luxuries of this life! As a Christian and a parent, he could not do less for her and answer to his own conscience.

So, when Peter had a cold of those dimensions which excused *him* from getting out of bed, the Doctor sent him neguses, "with Miss Hyde's compliments"—in which Miss Hyde had never twirled a spoon—plum-cakes, "made by Miss Hyde, for *him* expressly"—and bought at the baker's—moral books about good and ugly children, who died early of spinal complaint and sanctity, to solace his lonely hours—"Miss Hyde thought they might please him"—if she had known of them at all, she would have wished they might have poisoned him, like sumach.

There was no mistaking the way in which she felt toward him. She was a year older than he—only sixteen then, yet a perfect woman in every respect—and the cringing cruelty of his attentions were met by her as indignities. I have seen her move her seat, saying, "Wretch!" when she found herself within range of his blinking eye—and once, when, on some boy's picnic of ours, she was present, and, in a fit of grotesque knightliness, he pressed to his lips the hand that had just ladled out his glass of punch (for every body drank punch then), she snatched it away, wiped it on her little white apron, and gave him a look which, in a maiden as Andalusian in birth as she was in looks and soul, would have been pregnant with stories of a stiletto.

It was then I saw his bad face, too, and caught its look of patient vengeance; and, I tell you, it was dangerous!

### CHAPTER II.

NOT till one night of June—just before we were going home for the summer vacation—did I know, certainly—though, before, I had feared—which of us two, Joe or me, Lucy Hyde loved. Up to that very night I regarded the question as one of those where the odds are the difference. We, both of us, like Carlson, were only a year younger than Lucy—to both of us at the same time, in that leafy month, had come our fig-leaves of perfect manhood, in the shape of suits of thorough grown-up clothes, sent by stage from home. And our own unanimous opinion decided that we looked vastly well in them, and were, altogether, lads of person to shine in any woman's eyes.

There was half an hour between evening prayers and the bed-bell; and, having been working hard over Demosthenes Peri Stephanou ever since supper, wanted fresh air, and walked out into the play-ground. The moonlight shone bright as day, marking, in clear relief, every object, from our idle cricket-clubs, that lay upon the gravel by the door, down to the willows on the margin of the little river at the end of the garden. And those willows looked so beautifully that, although the garden was tabooed save on solemn anniversary occasions, I determined to rebel, and seek the cover of their boughs, as something in the semblance of a forest to rest in. Besides, *her* name was on one trunk—the clandestine result of my jack-knife—and that would be food for a melancholy pleasure.

So I stole down the bare hard-trampled play-ground and leaped the palings. For a while I strolled about in the gratification of merely doing the forbidden; and then I bent my way to the willow-clumps on the bank. I was right by their shadow, when I heard within it the sound of voices, and started back. Shrinking behind a lilac-bush, I looked, breathlessly, and saw—oh, what a sight for a poor boy-lover, loving his first love, to see, all lonely and uncomforted!

Leaning against a willow trunk sat Joe Twining, and, pressed tightly to his breast, their lips meeting passionately, reclined Lucy, more queenly beautiful for her submission to a power which was more eternal than hers.

And the boy-dream went off of my eyes quietly as a mist, leaving an awaking which was like conscious, inevitable death, turning the voluptuous moonlight from a bath of melancholy luxury into one of ice and brine. I looked at Joe's jetty waves of hair, and then wandered, with my fingers, through my own thin, light-brown locks—I saw his great, intense black eye—my own seemed to behold itself reflected, pale-blue, pensive, and near-sighted. I looked down at my own long, lank supports, and sneered as malignantly as Peter Carlson—"Spider-legs!"—then glanced at Joe, the strong-limbed, the hero-modeled, and, with rigid severity, gave him the benefit of the difference. Yea, in all things was I as cruelly just to myself upon that night as Rhadamanthus; for I had lost my boy-love—the greater part of my young soul—and despised the fool who had once so doted as to think that he could stand by such an one as Joe Twining, in the sight of a passionate woman, just knowing her first days of love and fire!

I stood and gazed upon the scene, with a delirious fascination of pain. I could not drink enough of the wakening-cup through my eyes, and I crouched quietly, wanting and waiting to hear something that might sting me. At last it came.

The lips of the two parted at length, and the low, manly voice of Joe Twining said, resolutely,

"Yes, I know, darling Lucy, we have a great while to wait—five long years it may be; for I have to go to college—to sea—or into the army: I don't yet quite know which, and I shall be nearly twenty-one before I get any profession. But if you will wait for me, I can bear any thing, fight any thing. God bless you, Lucy! Will you?"

"Yes, forever!" spoke the girl's voice passionately. "But when you are gone—those months, those years—what shall *I* do? My mother is dead—there is no one to reason with me, to advise me, and I shall be left all alone in my shame!"

Shame! what shame? I almost uttered these words aloud, and half darted from my cover. Lucy was now near eighteen, Joe was still nearer seventeen, and I, the bodily immature boy yet in thought the man, knew enough of young blood to be sure that it was warm. And could they—could they—have sinned? He, my almost brother against her—she, my deified love against herself? The agony of that suspicion of her was so much worse than my trampled-out love that I banished it instantly with the words, "God can not let it be!" But *what* shame? The question was sealed, labeled, filed away to be answered afterward.

The retiring bell must have sounded loud enough for us to hear it from the house, but if it did, we did not notice it; being all of us too much occupied then in what were really to each of us, though in our different ways, the decisive concerns of a lifetime. I was gathering myself up to crush out, or to endure—they were busy with the hope of perpetuating, love.

There came a little creak as of a gate unlocked and swinging back, and of a sudden in our sight stood Dr. Aristodemus Hyde. It was not for me he was looking. I need not have shrunk into deeper shadow to avoid discovery; for he passed me unseen or unnoticed, and walked straight and savagely on toward the lovers. They both leaped up, and stood, as befitted their strong natures, unbending before him.

"A beautiful piece of business, Miss! beautiful, I do declare! And very nice for you, my young master! You both probably know that it is not my habit to forget. No! nor shall I. And that Mister Joseph Twining was out in the garden I flogged three boys last week for entering—with my very well-behaved young lady, and alone at ten o'clock at night—will be a very easy and pretty thing to be remembered—remembered! Go to your room, Sir! Come with me, Miss!

This last was spoken tigerishly, and might have fired a lad less prominent in the muscular virtues of young manhood than Joe Twining. He deliberately put his arm around the waist of the young girl and said, quietly,

"I shall do no such thing!"

For a moment the Doctor stood passive. An exigency of that kind—an exigency of revolutionary boyhood—was hitherto unfamiliar to him. Theory, theologic, æsthetic, and governmental, were with him, but *fact* was decidedly against him.

He met the fact by rushing at Joe Twining, seizing him by the collar as he would have done two years before, and bringing his hand toward the left ear of that young gentleman.

Not quite, though—for Joe was ready with another fact—and before I could collect my senses the Doctor was lying at his feet, unable, as they say, in the polite circles of P. R., to come to time. And then came out the noble nature of the boy, for he knelt down over the prostrate form of his tyrant and said, as he loosed his stock,

"Forgive me! God forgive me, and you, Lucy, for he was *your* father!"

On the morrow Joe Twining was expelled, with an attempt at making him desperately ignominious, such as only those hoary wretches ever venture, who, from willfully perverse education or unconvertibly bad nature, love to damn the spirit that resists them, by setting on him a canker spot that may eat into all the robustest efforts of an after lifetime. Such there were in my day in schools and colleges. I pity them, wheresoever at this day they survive.

Do not distrust my motive. I am paying up no old scores, for *I* was not expelled from either school or college.

What passed between Joe and Lucy Hyde I do not know. I only am aware that our parting—his and mine—was unchilled by the breath of any memory of that night-scene in the garden. I never hinted my knowledge of it—of that, his crowning success in our rivalry, he, for the first time in our friendship, made no confidant of me, sparing my pain most brotherly.

And after that, orphaned of his strong arm and stronger affection, I went home for the hot weather holidays.

### CHAPTER III.

EARLY in August I came back to Mounchesney. The theory of that school was to make the year's dog-days and ours commence as near as possible together. For that *a boy* might have health to look after, at that day would have been as absurd a paradox as the assertion that he had rights.

So I returned into the austere desk-rows and the hot blank play-ground, to find no character there of any prominence save that afflictive dispensation of mysterious Providence, the oaf, Peter Carlson. I had lost my half-soul on that night of June—when Joe was expelled, I parted with most of the rest of it—and it did not seem to anger the remainder in the least, when our Quilp hailed me with a boisterous slap on the shoulder, and made overtures toward familiarity.

For nearly a week I did not see Lucy Hyde. She came no longer, as usual, to any of our rude boarding-school meals with us, and her light foot never sounded on the steps up to her father's pinnacle of work-hour observation. But at last I caught sight of her at her window.

Changed—oh! changed, by tears and thought, so that I trembled with pain.

And in our community it was evident that something novel was brewing. "Some portent hung on the wings of the to-come." For every now and then my little next neighbor in the desks would nudge me and say, "Look at that ape!" and invariably, when I looked, I beheld Peter Carlson in deep communication with the Doctor, bending beside him on the rostrum, over a classic which they made believe decipher, while they were evidently concerned in something else.

There came a morning when all this reached its end. I look back to that morning as one of the way-marks of my life—a time when I was, perhaps, in as much agony as it is possible for me ever to suffer.

The gardener, going out early to the banks of the river with his pruning-shears, discovered it. It began to be rumored before breakfast among us boys, and we grew pale; then said, "No, it is a cheat!" But meeting only the under-teacher at the table, we trembled and left our small dole half touched. It was confirmed when we met in the school-room, and that subordinate said, solemnly, with a voice which reverence curtailed of its rhetoric:

"Boys, Miss Hyde was found drowned this morning in the river behind the garden."

The corner-lines of the gray school-room wall seemed to wave and run spirally like serpents. The floor rocked under me, and I gasped for breath. Yet I did not grow faint. Exigencies make natures like mine fires. I sprung from my desk, and in an instant was past the teacher and out of the room. Then—before I knew it—over the garden palings and on the bank of the stream.

The old man, paralyzed from his wonted sternness, had yet given no orders; and the gardener had the usual dread of the lower classes of touching a drowned person till the officer came. So *she* lay there still, where the swift rush of the current had washed her on shore.

Floating, breast-deep, in a black, treacherous pool, rocked by the curls of its eddy, with her glorious black hair tangled in the willow roots, Lucy Hyde was fearfully beautiful in death. The last cry of agony had died utterly away from her lips, and they were shut as in speechless kisses to their beloved. Even a smile was on her mute face, as if she saw him beckoning whither she had gone; and her eyes were closed, their long black lashes drooping quietly as in sweet dreams of him. And over her bosom were crossed the marble-white round arms that seemed to fold him.

It was not I that they seemed to fold! Yet, forgetting all earthly rivalship—stifling its clamor in the one cry of torture that went up out of my soul—I knelt on the slippery bank, and, with one hand around a willow, bent and drew her gently up upon the land. Nor took I from my only beloved in death that blessing which, for another's sake, her lips denied my boy-heart in life; and, in an agony kissing her hand only, I sat down upon the roots beside her, whispering,

"Would to God—would to God I had died for thee!"

### CHAPTER IV.

It was the day after her funeral—that pageant of dreamy pain, of which I remember nothing save that I walked in the crowd, that miserable one, the deepest stricken of all, yet who has no right to give outer sign of his mourning, and that when the clods fell echoing I well-nigh leaped in with them—that the Doctor, out of school hours, called me into his study. Not deigning to ask pity, or let sorrow soften his sternness—yet for that all the more pitiable—the old man sat icily quiet, and held out to me in his hand a letter, post-marked Springfield, the place where Joe Twining lived.

"Read that," said he.

I took it from him, opened it hurriedly, and, in Twining's hand, found the following words:

"Sir,—I have been a villain. It is I who brought the dishonor upon your child which, to hide from the light, she ended with her own life. I shall have fled—you will not find me; but, before I go, my conscience goads me to confess all. J. T."

I stood speechless for a moment, and then read it over again, in the desperate hope of finding some clew which might prove it an imposture. But no; his very hand and signature, to the last curve of the *y*'s and *g*'s.

I looked, maddened, into the Doctor's face. Whether it was that look, or the stifled fire within that melted him, I know not; but, like a great hill-torrent freed by the sudden thaw, the hard, cold fountains of his deep were broken up, and he uttered the fierce and bitter cry,

"Where is he? Where shall I find him? Tell me! Before God, tell me! Do *you* know?"

His very fury stilled me. I checked myself, and answered,

"No! As God lives, I do not! But, from this day, every force of my sinews—every power of my mind—all the patience of my soul shall be given—by God I swear it!—to this one end, of hunting him through the earth! For your broken-hearted daughter was my life!"

If man at all, I was a very young one. But I was strong in purpose. And that night, by the willows where I had found Lucy Hyde in her betrayer's arms—under the very tree I had carven with her name, on the bank whence she had leaped from shame into the fearful silence, surrounded and made fiercely resolute by all these sanctities of dread memory—I joined hands with Peter Carlson, reconciled to him by his unity with my purpose; and we both called the Great Avenger to witness that, come sun, come shadow, come good or ill, we would be quits with him who had done Lucy Hyde her wrong.

Like him I was an orphan; yet, unlike him, not rich. The little patrimony that my father, dying in his early manhood, had left me was just sufficient to keep me as a gentleman's son. So that my guardian was liberal enough to let me spend as much of it as could be spent at a boarding-school. I now wrote to him and told him that I was ready for college, but that, my health being broken down, I should like to travel a year first; and would be obliged to him if he would consent to honor my drafts upon him from the various parts of the country through which I might journey.

He was an easy man, with plenty to attend to in his own affairs, and the next mail brought his letter of assent to all my plans. The next steps were to sit down by the side of Carlson, write and exchange with him copies of our vow for tokens of our earnestness; then spend a day with my older brother and sister, in an adjoining town; bid them good-by, and be off on my mission of retribution.

The day before my starting saw me seventeen. Do you think it incredible that one so young should take such terrible resolve, and set forth on it so calmly? Remember, then, that I had lived all my life in the maturing atmosphere of earnest thought, and think how the last few days since I had known *her* wrongs are of that sort which ripen manhood like the tropics.

I went first to Springfield, where lived the family of Joseph Twining. Of old I had enjoyed the hospitalities of their home. To have done so now would have been to betray them; so I stopped at a small inn, and only called on them for the purpose of making probing inquiries of their son's whereabouts. Evidently they knew nothing of his guilt. They were in great distress at his departure, which took place almost instantly on his hearing of Lucy's suicide. That had maddened him, they said; and he had gone off one morning, talking wildly of getting into the army. It was very kind—very brotherly for me to take such an interest in looking for him. If I found him, would I bring him back? The sight of his poor mother wrung my heart; I almost promised that I would. Then Lucy, white and dripping from the pool, as in the garden, lay before me, and I excused myself.

Oh, it would take days to tell you how I followed that man! Often tired and sick—sometimes having to rest for a week in a far, wild place, out of the reach of all help were I to be dying—sometimes nearly shelterless, for want of the means which were delayed on the road—but still relentless, unmitigated.

Ever and anon I received letters from my guardian, my brother, and my sister, asking the cause of my long wandering; begging me to return and take some place, some business in life. I answered them evasively, and kept on.

I had become assured that Joseph Twining entered the army. Once I saw his name gazetted as the brave leader of a little band against a great horde of Northern frontier Indians. It had "Captain" before it; and if the detailed report of his prowess was true, he deserved even more than that title. I followed him to the spot of encampment; he had been ordered elsewhere a month before. Again I heard of him as the saviour of three women from the scalping-knife on the Mississippi border. The nobility of that act did not drive me back remorseful from his trail. He had saved three. How dare he claim safeguard from that, when he had slain one? and she, O God! how much to me!

At last the terrible slaughter in the everglades of Florida began to call for vengeance, and the public mind was agitated every where with the necessity of protecting our countrymen in those trackless savannas and bottomless, tangled morasses. Joseph Twining led his men thither—where the danger was most imminent, as he always had. I heard of it, and pursued him.

### CHAPTER V.

In the wilds midway between Fort King and the Withlacoochee River I heard, at last, that Twining and his men lay encamped. On foot, with no companion but my rifle—no guide but a foot-path—I journeyed thither. It was under a live oak in that veriest jungle that I stopped, one nightfall, to rest, and with the funereal moss as my gala-canopy, to celebrate my twenty-first birthday in the renewal of my vow of retribution—though, in all the time since I began wandering, my resolve had not waxed old.

There were perhaps ten persons gathered there on that occasion with me. To rest, to sup, to sleep, like myself, they had laid themselves down in the wilderness, after a day of those hunter-labors to which, not the fear, though often the tomahawk, of the savage puts an end. Yet our camp-fire was small, and of the driest sticks; for a Seminole scents smoke as a dog does the buck, and he is not a pleasant guest to invite, whatever a brave man may say of entertaining him when he has come unbidden. We supped on venison; then began to talk, which, with cards, was to be our pastime till we set our guard and slept.

And our talk was of Joseph Twining.

"Where to find him?" answered an old hunter, in the metaphorical speech of all woodmen, red or white. "Ask the eight Seminoles who will never bloody their moccasins agin, though they were yellin' like devils last Friday. Ask the wind that comes and goes. Ask the deer and the swamp-fox. Not me; I don't know. He's here, and there, and every where—all to once. Them as don't like him allers finds him quick enough—that's sartain."

"And is he brave?"

"I reckon you ain't long in the glades—be you?"

"He is, then? I am glad to hear it. I hope to see him."

We drew lots for the first watch. They fell on myself and a tall Spaniard, who had been sitting moodily by the camp-fire, taking no part in the conversation. The pleasure of keeping vigil with this taciturn person was increased by the discovery that he habitually indulged the presentiment that he was about to be massacred, and that night felt it coming on stronger than usual.

"Good-night, Prophet Antonio," said the hunter who had talked to me of Joseph Twining. "Let us know if you die before mornin'. Good-night, stranger; bury him decently if he cuts stick!" After which sally he and his companions drew their blankets up to their eyebrows and went to sleep.

Antonio and I fresh primed our locks, laid our knives on the ground beside us, and drew our legs crosswise under us. He sat leaning against the live oak under which we had supped; I mounted guard on a gray, mossy stone, about ten yards off from him—a long distance for talking; but neither he nor I were in that mood—so it was near enough.

In that death-like silence of the glade—death-like beyond tombs, or any solitary place but a dead heart—the whole bitter past came trooping by me, with open record in its hands; and I read, and read, and read; and the one most ineffaceable sentence was,

"I shall be left all alone in my shame!"

"No, Lucy, no!" I groaned through my tight-shut teeth. "Not alone; for I am with you—yes, evermore, till I wipe it out! Till then, so help me God, I journey and endure!"

Thinking such thoughts, I sat, an absorbed and unfaithful watcher, how long I can not tell. The last coals of the camp-fire had burned out, and the full moon, just risen, was beginning to flood all those pathless places with silver, when I lifted my head from its moody dejection and looked across to the oak-tree.

Good God! there sat the Spaniard, still as ever, but with his chin dropped on his breast, and a slow, steady stream of the life-blood pouring from his neck! I leaped up, but a grip like eagle talons caught my throat from behind and I saw a long, thin hunting-knife gleam right over my breast. Gleam, but stop half-way to my heart, and then the clutch on my windpipe relaxed. I sprung to my feet, turned, and there stood a fiendish savage, the wrist of his weapon-hand half crushed in the vice-like grasp of a tall white man braced against his back. The Seminole gave one desperate throe toward his new enemy—thrusting hindward over his shoulder—and plain, in that moonlight as in the daylight, I saw the keen point pierce my preserver's blanket, and doubtless—O God, to think it!—his brave heart too. Just then a pistol was cocked close by the Indian's ear, the hammer fell, and with the report and a wild beast shriek ended all the deviltry he could do in this world.

My saviour stepped over the prostrate carcass of the wretch, and proudly stood unhurt in the middle of the now fully wakened throng, who rushed to meet him with low murmured plaudits that must have been like music.

And what was the name they cried?

Twining! Twining!

No! I did not dream. For one moment the awful sense of sudden death but a few seconds past impending, the gratitude that I owed for its averting, and to *him*, kept me dumb-stricken.

I regained my self-command, and standing forth before them all, and close in front of him, asked calmly,

"Joseph Twining, do you know me?"

The soldier faced me intently for an instant, and then with a half shout of joy sprang to catch me in his arms, crying,

"Bless God for the sight! My dear Oliver Wharton!"

I stepped back a pace or two, motioning his hands off, and said,

"One moment—hear me, Joseph Twining. I am so unfortunate as to owe *you* a life—*you*, whom I frankly acknowledge I would have killed as I might the bear or the wolf that crossed me.

"You also owe *me* a life. We are this night made mutual debtors. But the balance is on my side. I have never ceased journeying night and day these four years to strike that balance with him who brought shame and death to *Lucy Hyde!* I find you—your first act is to oblige me to you. But I, her sworn avenger—you as a soldier boasting the world's honor, can not permit that chance to wipe out the old damned score. The life you have saved is to hers a drop to the ocean. I offer it you; do you understand me?"

Doubtless he did not. For though at *her* name the strong man groaned and covered his face with his hands as one who walks again in sleep through the passages of some old remembered terrible dream, he listened to the rest of my words with the same perplexed astonishment that was on the faces of the hunters around him. To solve his doubt, I came closer and whispered in his ear,

"Remember who drove Lucy Hyde to the river—maddened—seduced!"

In a moment, all look of vague wonder vanished from his face. His great black eyes flashed like a lion's, and with his hand trembling on the hilt of his bowie-knife, he cried out,

"Speak that word again of *her*, and, by the God who hears me, were you ten times my brother, I lay you dead at my feet!"

In my turn I stood wonder-stricken. He kept on.

"Look you, Oliver Wharton. For the four years since her pureness left the earth that was too base for it, she has watched over me, my angel, in the heaven where she sits, her eyes clear from all sorrow. The knowledge that she was there looking, made all the boy in me man—the man in me unconquerable.

"In the fight she has given me tireless heart and nerve, in temptation many a time has she saved me from sinning against her memory. And to-night, while I was ransoming that life of yours—sparing you to insult her holy name—I should have been stabbed to the heart by that red devil who swelters at the stone yonder but for her presence, standing as ever between me and death. Take that, though your words have shown you too low to touch it, and see what *she* has done for me!"

With quick, passionate fingers he drew from his breast a small gold locket, suspended about his neck from a strong steel chain, and put it in my hand.

O Heaven! To see that face again after all these years. I could endure but one glance at it; and turning it around, saw in the thick plate which protected it at the back the dent of the Seminole's knife piercing through clear to the ivory!

I handed it back to him, and then, with an effort to be calm, said,

"It is true, Joseph Twining; but if the wronged, much more in heaven than on earth, still do you good for ill, it is not the province of her avenger to pass by the sin. I have looked; will you also?"

So speaking, I drew from *my* breast the only remembrancer of Lucy Hyde I had ever owned. Not her angel's face of loving—no! but that packet which for four years had been burning against my heart to keep it red hot till its mission was accomplished. It contained the two papers; that letter from Joe Twining which *her* father had put into my hand the day after the funeral, and Peter Carlson's copy of our oath of retribution. I held them out to Twining, and said, "Read!"

The moon was not bright enough for the deciphering of those long chafed and folded characters, so again we lit a little fire of dry sticks, beside which he and I knelt down.

His eye first fell upon Peter Carlson's paper. He devoured it eagerly, but with the same look of wonder that had met my former words.

And then, with a face full of horror, growing, growing, as he read in silence, he drank in his own letter down to the last word.

For a moment I thought the strong man was about to reel and fall. Then he sprang, like a roused tiger, to his feet, and cried, in a scream that, forgetting all warrior caution, rent the woods, "God damn him! Oh! could even that fiend have hell enough inside of him to do this deed!"

We bent our heads close together at the fire, and, pointing with a finger which quivered almost too much to guide the eye, he showed me the stamp on the corner, first of one paper, then of the other.

They were the same, and none but *Peter Carlson* had ever used paper of that stamp in all the school!

And I had never noticed it before.

Withering as a lightning-bolt, but as dazzling clear also, the truth fell upon my head. Who had been the demoniac author of this four-years' lie, which I had hugged through weariness, poverty, and wandering—who the malignant rival—the forger—the blight of Joe Twining's honor—my young life's scourge through mad pilgrimages—the ever-present nightmare of an old father's last years—the blackener of the dead girl's stainless remembrance. I knew it all.

I asked but one more question.

"Joseph Twining, the wrong which I have done you is greater than I dare ask you to forgive. May *she*, and He who has taken her into His Heaven, forgive it me. But tell me one thing. I once heard her say to you—you did not know it—'You will leave me all alone in my shame!' What shame?"

"The shame of bearing that fiend's constant insulting advances, sanctioned by her father. But a day before, in her despair, she drowned herself, she wrote to me, saying, 'On the morrow I must answer him, and my father swears it shall be "Yes." It shall never be. If you can not come, there is one way to help it. We shall surely, surely meet again.'

"And whether that letter was intercepted, delayed on the road, miscarried, or what, I can not tell. It never reached me till a year ago, all covered with post-marks and directions, on the frontier of Iowa. And *she* had been gone three years."

But should my justice sleep? Her eyes, purged in that night of horrors, amidst death and revelation, looked relentlessly into the distance—through woods and mountains, over streams and valleys, and marked—Peter Carlson.

"Let me go alone," were the words I spoke to Joe Twining. "Honor, your country, *her* memory want you here, where your brave heart can gladden her with its courage. I have thrown away these four years—pity me, oh my brother!—on a lie. *I* am not wanted in the field or the fort. Let my last days of wretched wandering be consecrated to striking home a truth as I would have done the lie. My retribution, though you stay, shall be yours; for in the knowledge of the truth we are one."

I parted from him whom I had come to slay in tears and fervent blessing.

And it was on a clear October morning that I entered Mecklenburg. Almost by instinct I went straight to my victim's house. My knife was sharp, my pistols primed, my soul steady.

The negro who opened the door said his master was at home. Would I walk up into his office? "Yes," I replied, and with unfaltering step I mounted the stairs. I knocked at the door. No answer. Again. Not a sound or a motion within. I made one fierce plunge against the barrier, the lock gave way, and I went madly into the room.

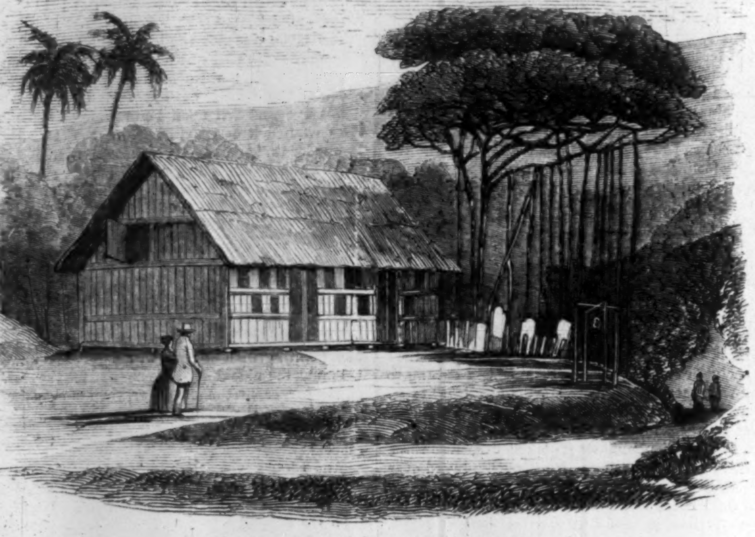
From the lamp-hook in the ceiling hung Peter Carlson, suspended by his cravat. And laying my hand, shiveringly, on his heart of lies, I found it stone still, stone cold.

A greater than I had taken his account with the dead into His hands—and Lucy Hyde was avenged.

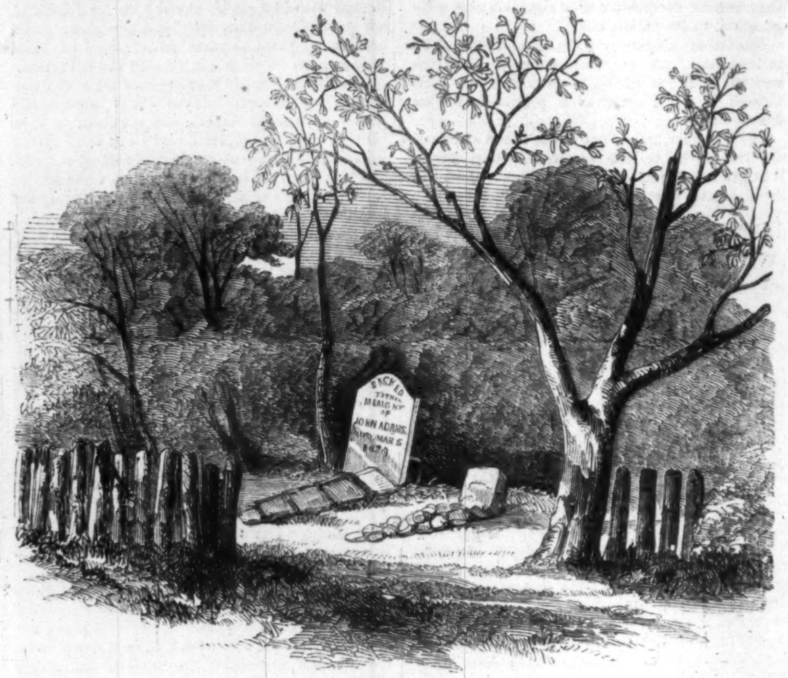
## THE ORPHAN'S DREAM.

We laid him, weeping, on his couch,
But when he slept he smiled,
For once again a mother's face
Looked sweetly on her child;
And when he woke he told us how
His little hands had striven
In vain to catch that snow-white robe
That floated back to heaven.
"Oh! will she never come again?"
He asked us, broken-hearted;
"Then let me sleep and dream once more,
For then we are not parted."

In vain we told him she had fled
Away from worldly care,
And, pointing to the sunny skies,
Had now her dwelling there;
His pallid cheek still paler grew,
His eye no more seemed beaming,
And when our little orphan smiled,
'Twas but when he was dreaming.
One morn we came, he spoke not then,
We saw, half broken-hearted,
His hands *had* clutched the snow-white robe—
They never more were parted.



CHURCH ON PITCAIRN'S ISLAND.



GRAVE OF ADAMS, THE MUTINEER.

## A ROMANCE OF SHIPWRECK.

THE ship *Wild Wave*, Captain J. N. Knowles, left San Francisco on the 9th of February last, bound for Valparaiso. On the 5th of March, at 11½ A.M., she was lost on the Island of Jeno, seventy-five miles northwest of Pitcairn's Island. The wreck occurring in the daytime, the crew of the ship was saved, as also the provisions, and gold to the amount of fifty thousand dollars, which last the captain prudently landed without the knowledge of his crew. The true seaman is honest and reliable; but the "beach-combers," who chiefly man the ships now trading in the Pacific, are a set to whom no species of crime comes amiss, and who have not the clearest ideas as to the rights of property, especially in cases of shipwreck.

After remaining on the Island of Jeno for ten days; Captain Knowles started in one of his boats for Pitcairn's Island, in the expectation of there obtaining relief from the colony founded by the mutineers of the *Bounty*. He did not know that the entire colony had been transported three years ago, by the British Government, to Van Diemen's Land. He found the island deserted; and was, farther, so unfortunate as to lose his boat in the surf, while effecting a landing on the harborless shores. Here, then, were four men, Captain Knowles, his mate, Mr. J. F. Bartlett, and two seamen, thrown upon their own resources, upon an island generally known to be deserted, and not lying in the track of vessels in any usual trade. Happily they found among the articles left on the island by the old residents, tar, oakum, sail-cloth, and some tools. With these aids they set about the construction of a boat; cutting down trees, shaping planks by hand, putting in *tree-nails* or wooden bolts where nails were lacking, and in other ways making the best of their circumstances.

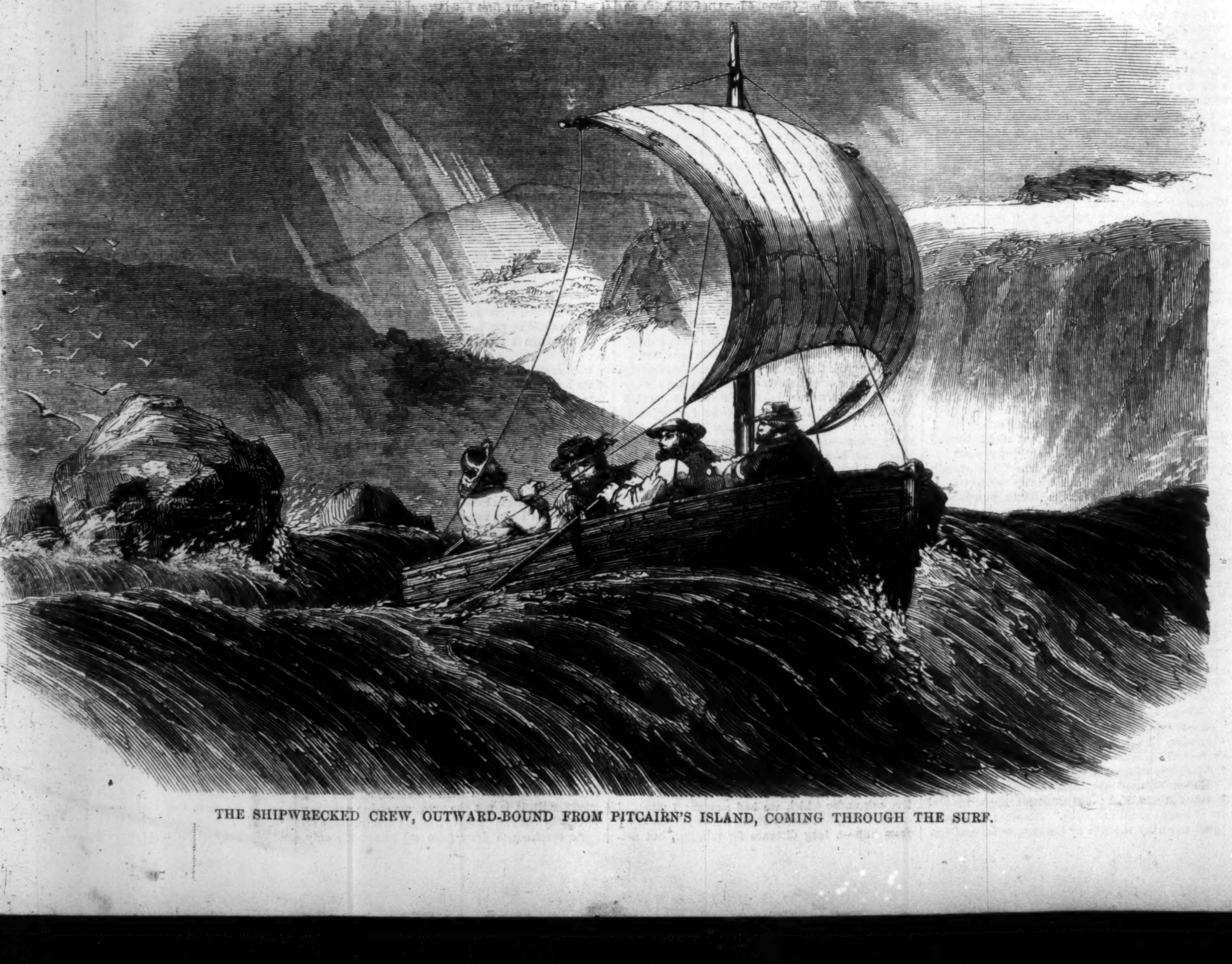
The vessel—a rude, open boat—was built, and they started for Tahiti, a distance of nearly fifteen hundred miles. The prevailing winds, however, were against them; in their cockle-shell, with only one square sail, they could not beat to windward; and so they finally shaped a course for Nukahiva, one of the Marquesas group, and noted as the scene of Herman Melville's adventures, distant also over thirteen hundred miles from their starting-place. The long and venturesome voyage was fortunately accomplished; and on their arrival they were taken on board the United States sloop-of-war *Vandalia*, just sailing for the Society Islands. Thence the captain and his well-preserved gold returned to San Francisco in a French vessel of war, while the *Vandalia* sailed to the rescue of the balance of the crew left on Jeno.

Captain Knowles deserves much credit for his perseverance and energy under circumstances which would tempt most men to inaction. No doubt he will find his reward among American ship-owners.

In the largest of our illustrations our artist has depicted the scene of the brave crew starting in their rough boat, through the surf, on their voyage of nearly fifteen hundred miles over a trackless ocean.

Our other illustrations represent scenes on the now deserted isle; concerning whose romantic history a few words will not be amiss here. It is a volcanic isle, with fertile soil, but not over-abundantly watered; situated in lat. 25° S., and long. 130° W., to the southeast of the Society group; only seven miles in circumference, and with an almost inaccessible shore. It was seen and named by Carterel in 1767, again seen by Cook in 1773; but owes its chief interest to the fact of its colonization by a portion of the mutineers of the British ship *Bounty*, in 1790. Of these ill-fated men a part remained in Tahiti; but nine British sailors, together with six Tahitian men and twelve women, set out in the *Bounty* and finally reached this then scarcely known isle, where their leader, Christian, persuaded them to destroy the vessel and settle down. The sailors were a vicious set. In ten years all but one had died violent deaths, and there remained only Adams, one of the very worst characters of the nine, together with the women and nineteen children. When he found himself alone Adams took thought of his position, and at last thoroughly reformed. A Bible and an Episcopal prayer-book not only led him to the truth, but enabled him to instruct the women and children in "those things necessary for their salvation." So great was his influence that, where once all had been drunken violence, there presently reigned industry and morality. The small space of arable land was laid out and planted; a church was built, where the veteran mutineer humbly proclaimed the Gospel; and when, in 1814, after a lapse of thirty-four years, a ship at length, by accident, touched at the lost isle, the astonished captain was hailed in good English by a tawny descendant of old Lieutenant Christian (named, to commemorate his birth-day, Thursday October Christian), and found a people simple and peaceful in their habits, contentedly practicing the manners and customs of an English country hamlet, in this out-of-the-way nook of the world.

In 1825 Captain Beechey found on the island 66 persons. In 1831 the colony, then numbering 87 persons, was removed to Tahiti at the instigation of some over-benevolent individual, who feared that the small isle would not support so many. But having lost twelve of their number by sickness, the balance gladly returned to their old home. In 1829 John Adams, the sole survivor of the mutineers, died. The wooden tablet shown over his grave in our illustration, bears the words, "Sacred to the Memory of John Adams. Died March 5, 1829." This tablet was formerly put into its place only when ships visited the island. It is now permanently placed. In the grave to the right lies the wife of Adams's son, George.



THE SHIPWRECKED CREW, OUTWARD-BOUND FROM PITCAIRN'S ISLAND, COMING THROUGH THE SURF.

In 1852 the island had 21 families, making altogether 170 souls: 82 males, and 88 females. At that time there were but two survivors of the first generation born on the island. Several strangers succeeded at different times in locating themselves in the colony. Among these the most remarkable was the Baron de Thierry, who afterward made himself King of the Marquesas, and latterly abandoned savage life and taught music in California.

In 1855 the entire colony was removed at the expense of the British Government to a spot of land granted them in a fertile valley of Van Diemen's Land; and the island is once more deserted.

# WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?

## BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

### BOOK XI.—CHAPTER I.

> "The course of true love never does run smooth!" May it not be because where there are no obstacles, there are no tests to the truth of Love? Where the course is smooth, the stream is crowded with pleasure-boats. Where the wave swells, and the shoals threaten, and the sky lowers, the pleasure-boats have gone back into harbor. Ships fitted for rough weather are those built and stored for long voyage.

I PASS over the joyous meeting between Waife and Sophy. I pass over George's account to his fair cousin of the scene he and Hartopp had witnessed, in which Waife's innocence had been manifested, and his reasons for accepting the penalties of guilt had been explained. The first few agitated days following Waife's return have rolled away. He is resettled in the cottage from which he had fled; he refuses, as before, to take up his abode at Lady Montfort's house. But Sophy has been almost constantly his companion, and Lady Montfort herself has spent hours with him each day—sometimes in his rustic parlor, sometimes in the small garden-plot round his cottage, to which his rambles are confined. George has gone back to his home and duties at Humberston, promising very soon to revisit his old friend and discuss future plans.

The scholar, though with a sharp pang, conceding to Waife that all attempt publicly to clear his good name at the cost of reversing the sacrifice he had made, must be forborne, could not, however, be induced to pledge himself to unconditional silence. George felt that there were at least some others to whom the knowledge of Waife's innocence was imperatively due.

Waife is seated by his open window. It is noon; there is sunshine in the pale blue skies—an unusual softness in the wintry air. His Bible lies on the table beside him. He has just set his mark in the page, and reverently closed the Book. He is alone. Lady Montfort—who, since her return from Fawley, has been suffering from a kind of hectic fever, accompanied by a languor that made even the walk to Waife's cottage a fatigue, which the sweetness of her kindly nature enabled her to overcome, and would not permit her to confess—has been so much worse that morning as to be unable to leave her room. Sophy has gone to see her. Waife is now leaning his face upon his hand, and that face is sadder and more disquieted than it had been, perhaps, in all his wanderings. His darling Sophy is evidently unhappy. Her sorrow had not been visible during the first two or three days of his return, chased away by the joy of seeing him—the excitement of tender reproach and question—of tears that seemed as joyous as the silvery laugh which responded to the gayety that sported round the depth of feeling with which he himself beheld her once more clinging to his side, or seated, with upward loving eyes, on the footstool by his knees. Even at the first look, however, he had found her altered; her cheek was thinner, her color paled. That might be from fretting for him. She would be herself again, now that her tender anxiety was relieved. But she did not become herself again. The arch and playful Sophy he had left was gone, as if never to return. He marked that her step, once so bounding, had become slow and spiritless. Often when she sate near him, seemingly reading or at her work, he noticed that her eyes were not on the page—that the work stopped abruptly in listless hands; and then he would hear her sigh—a heavy but short impatient sigh! No mistaking that sigh by those who have studied grief: Whether in maid or man, in young or old, in the gentle Sophy, so new to life, or in the haughty Darrell, weary of the world, and shrinking from its honors, that sigh had the same character, a like symptom of a malady in common: the same effort to free the heart from an oppressive load; the same token of a sharp and rankling remembrance lodged deep in that finest nerve-work of being, which no anodyne can reach—a pain that comes without apparent cause, and is sought to be expelled without conscious effort.

The old man feared at first that she might, by some means or other, in his absence, have become apprised of the brand on his own name, the verdict that had blackened his repute, the sentence that had hurled him from his native sphere; or that, as her reason had insensibly matured, she, herself, reflecting on all the mystery that surrounded him—his incognitos, his hidings, the incongruity between his social grade and his education or bearing, and his repeated acknowledgments that there were charges against him which compelled him to concealment, and from which he could not be cleared on earth; that she, reflecting on all these evidences to his disfavor, had either secretly admitted into her breast a conviction of his guilt, or that, as she grew up to woman, she had felt, through him, the disgrace entailed upon herself. Or if such were not the cause of her sadness, had she learned more of her father's evil courses; had any emissary of Jasper's worked upon her sensibilities or her fears? No, that could not be the case, since whatever the grounds upon which Jasper had conjectured that Sophy was with Lady Montfort, the accuracy of his conjectures had evidently been doubted by Jasper himself; or why so earnestly have questioned Waife? Had she learned that she was the grandchild and natural heiress of a man wealthy and renowned—a chief among the chiefs of England—who rejected her with disdain? Was she pining for true position? or mortified by the contempt of a kinsman, whose rank so contrasted the vagrancy of the grandsire by whom alone she was acknowledged?

Tormented by these doubts, he was unable to solve them by such guarded and delicate questions as he addressed to Sophy herself. For she, when he falteringly asked what ailed his darling, would start, brighten up for the moment, answer—"Nothing, now that he had come back;" kiss his forehead, play with Sir Isaac, and then manage furtively to glide away.

But the day before that in which we now see him alone, he had asked her abruptly, "if, during his absence, any one besides George Morley had visited at Lady Montfort's—any one whom she had seen?" And Sophy's cheek had as suddenly become crimson, then deadly pale; and first she said "No," and then "Yes;" and after a pause, looking away from him, she added—"The young gentleman who—who helped us to buy Sir Isaac, he has visited Lady Montfort—related to some dear friend of hers."

"What, the painter?"

"No—the other, with the dark eyes."

"Haughton!" said Waife, with an expression of great pain in his face.

"Yes—Mr. Haughton; but he has not been here a long, long time. He will not come again, I believe."

Her voice quivered, despite herself, at the last words, and she began to bustle about the room—filled Waife's pipe, thrust it into his hands with a laugh, the false mirth of which went to his very heart, and then stepped from the open window into the little garden, and began to sing one of Waife's favorite simple old Border songs; but before she got through the first line the song ceased, and she was as lost to sight as a ring-dove, whose note comes and goes so quickly among the impenetrable coverts.

But Waife had heard enough to justify profound alarm for Sophy's peace of mind, and to waken in his own heart some of its most painful associations. The reader, who knows the wrong inflicted on William Losely by Lionel Haughton's father—a wrong which had led to all poor Willy's subsequent misfortunes—may conceive that the very name of Haughton was wounding to his ear; and when, in his brief, sole, and bitter interview with Darrell, the latter had dropped out that Lionel Haughton, however distant of kin, would be a more grateful heir than the grandchild of a convicted felon—if Willy's sweet nature *could* have admitted a momentary hate—it would have been for the thus vaunted son of the man who had stripped him of the modest all which would perhaps have saved his own child from the robber's guilt, and himself from the robber's doom. Long since, therefore, the reader will have comprehended why, when Waife came to meet Sophy at the river-side, and learned at the inn on its margin that the name of her younger companion was Lionel Haughton—why, I say, he had so morosely parted from the boy, and so imperiously bade Sophy to dismiss all thought of meeting "the pretty young gentleman" again.

And now again this very Lionel Haughton to have stolen into the retreat in which poor Waife had deemed he left his treasure so secure! Was it for this he had fled from her? Did he return to find her youth blighted, her affections robbed from him, by the son of Charles Haughton? The father had despoiled his manhood of independence; must it be the son who despoiled his age of its only solace? Grant even that Lionel was worthy of Sophy—grant that she had been loyally wooed—must not that attachment be fruitless—be fatal? If Lionel were really now adopted by Darrell, Waife knew human nature too well to believe that Darrell would complacently hear Lionel ask a wife in her whose claim to his lineage had so galled and incensed him. It was while plunged in these torturing reflections that Lady Montfort (not many minutes after Sophy's song had ceased and her form vanished) had come to visit him, and he at once accosted her with agitated inquiries—"When had Mr. Haughton first presented himself?—how often had he seen Sophy?—what had passed between them?—did not Lady Montfort see that his darling's heart was breaking?"

But he stopped as suddenly as he had rushed into this thorny maze of questions; for, looking imploringly into Caroline Montfort's face, he saw there more settled signs of a breaking heart than Sophy had yet betrayed, despite her paleness and her sighs. Sad, indeed, the change in her countenance since he had left the place months ago, though Waife, absorbed in Sophy, had not much remarked it till now, when seeking to read therein secrets that concerned his darling's welfare. Lady Montfort's beauty was so perfect in that rare harmony of feature which poets, before Byron, have compared to music, that sorrow could no more mar the effect of that beauty on the eye than pathos can mar the effect of the music that admits it on the ear. But the change in her face seemed that of a sorrow which has lost all earthly hope. Waife therefore checked questions that took the tone of reproaches, and involuntarily murmured, "Pardon."

Then Caroline Montfort told him all the tender projects she had conceived for his grandchild's happiness—how, finding Lionel so disinterested and noble, she had imagined she saw in him the providential agent to place Sophy in the position to which Waife had desired to raise her; Lionel to share with her the heritage of which he might otherwise despoil her—both to become the united source of joy and of pride to the childless man who now favored the one to exclude the other. Nor in these schemes had the absent wanderer been forgotten. No; could Sophy's virtues once be recognized by Darrell, and her alleged birth acknowledged by him—could the guardian who, in fostering those virtues to bloom by Darrell's hearth, had laid under the deepest obligations one who, if unforgiving to treachery, was grateful for the humblest service—could that guardian justify the belief in his innocence which George Morley had ever entertained, and, as it now proved, with reason—then where on all earth a man like Guy Darrell to vindicate William Losely's attainted honor, or from whom William Losely might accept cherishing friendship and independent ease, with so indisputable a right to both! Such had been the picture that the fond and sanguine imagination of Caroline Montfort had drawn from generous hope, and colored with tender fancies. But alas for such castles in the air! All had failed. She had only herself to blame. Instead of securing Sophy's welfare she had endangered Sophy's happiness. They whom she had desired to unite were irrevocably separated. Bitterly she accused herself—her error in relying so much on Lionel's influence with Darrell—on her own early remembrance of Darrell's affectionate nature, and singular sympathies with the young—and thus suffering Lionel and Sophy to grow familiar with each other's winning characters, and carry on childlike romance into maturer sentiment. She spoke, though briefly, of her visit to Darrell, and its ill success—of the few letters that had passed since then between herself and Lionel, in which it was settled that he should seek no parting interview with Sophy. He had declared to Sophy no formal suit—they had exchanged no lovers' vows. It would be, therefore, but a dishonorable cruelty to her to say, "I come to tell you that I love you, and that we must part forever." And how avow the reason—that reason that would humble her to the dust? Lionel was forbidden to wed with one whom Jasper Losely called daughter, and whom the guardian she so venerated believed to be his grandchild. All of comfort that Lady Montfort could suggest was, that Sophy was so young that she would conquer what might be but a girl's romantic sentiment—or, if a more serious attachment, one that no troth had cemented—for a person she might not see again for years; Lionel was negotiating exchange into a regiment on active service. "Meanwhile," said Lady Montfort, "I shall never wed again. I shall make it known that I look on your Sophy as the child of my adoption. If I do not live to save sufficient for her out of an income that is more than thrice what I require, I have instructed my lawyers to insure my life for her provision; it will be ample. Many a wooer, captivating as Lionel, and free from the scruples that fetter his choice, will be proud to kneel at the feet of one so lovely. This rank of mine, which has never yet bestowed on me a joy, now becomes of value, since it will give dignity to—to Matilda's child, and—and to—"

Lady Montfort sobbed.

Waife listened respectfully, and for the time was comforted. Certainly, in his own heart he was glad that Lionel Haughton was permanently separated from Sophy. There was scarcely a man on earth, of fair station and repute, to whom he would have surrendered Sophy with so keen a pang as to Charles Haughton's son.

The poor young lovers! all the stars seemed against them! Was it not enough that Guy Darrell should be so obdurate? must the mild William Losely be also a malefic in their horoscope?

But when, that same evening, the old man more observantly than ever watched his grandchild, his comfort vanished—misgivings came over him—he felt assured that the fatal shaft had been broken in the wound, and that the heart was bleeding inly.

True; not without prophetic insight had Arabella Crane said to the pining, but resolute, quiet child, behind the scenes of Mr. Rugge's show, "How much you will love one day!" All that night Waife lay awake, pondering—revolving—exhausting that wondrous fertility of resource which teemed in his inventive brain. In vain!

And now—(the day after this conversation with Lady Montfort, whose illness grieves, but does not surprise him)—now, as he sits and thinks, and gazes abstractedly into that far, pale, winter sky—now, the old man is still scheming how to reconcile a human loving heart to the eternal loss of that affection which has so many perishable counterfeits, but which, when true in all its elements—complete in all its varied wealth of feeling—is never to be forgotten, and never to be replaced.

### CHAPTER II.

#### An offering to the Manes.

THREE sides of Waife's cottage were within Lady Montfort's grounds; the fourth side, with its more public entrance, bordered the lane. Now, as he thus sate, he was startled by a low timid ring at the door which opened on the lane. Who could it be?—not Jasper! He began to tremble. The ring was repeated. One woman-servant composed all his establishment. He heard her opening the door—heard a low voice; it seemed a soft, fresh young voice. His room-door opened, and the woman, who, of course, knew the visitor by sight and name, having often remarked him on the grounds with Lady Montfort and Sophy, said, in a cheerful tone, as if bringing good news, "Mr. Lionel Haughton."

Scarcely was the door closed—scarcely the young man in the room, before, with all his delightful, passionate frankness, Lionel had clasped Waife's reluctant hand in both his own, and, with tears in his eyes, and choking in his voice, was pouring forth sentences so loosely knit together, that they seemed almost incoherent;—now a burst of congratulation—now a falter of condolence—now words that seemed to supplicate as for pardon to an offense of his own—rapid transitions from enthusiasm to pity—from joy to grief—variable, with the stormy April of a young, fresh, hearty nature.

Taken so wholly by surprise, Waife, in vain attempting to appear cold and distant, and only very vaguely comprehending what the unwelcome visitor so confusedly expressed, at last found voice to interrupt the jet and gush of Lionel's impetuous emotions, and said as dryly as he could, "I am really at a loss to conceive the cause of what appears to be meant as congratulations to me and reproaches to yourself, Mr.—Mr. Haught—"; his lips could not complete the distasteful name.

"My name shocks you—no wonder," said Lionel, deeply mortified, and bowing down his head as he gently dropped the old man's hand. "Reproaches to myself!—Ah, Sir, I am here as Charles Haughton's son!"

"What!" exclaimed Waife, "you know? How could you know that Charles Haughton—"

LIONEL (interrupting). "I know! His own lips confessed his shame to have so injured you."

WAIFE. "Confessed to whom?"

LIONEL. "To Alban Morley. Believe me, my father's remorse was bitter; it dies not in his grave, it lives in me. I have so longed to meet with William Losely."

Waife seated himself in silence, shading his face with one hand, while with the other he made a slight gesture, as if to discourage or rebuke farther allusion to ancient wrong. Lionel, in quick accents, but more connected meaning, went on—

"I have just come from Mr. Darrell, where I and Colonel Morley (here Lionel's countenance was darkly troubled) have been staying some days. Two days ago I received this letter from George Morley, forwarded to me from London. It says—let me read it—'You will rejoice to learn that our dear Waife'—pardon that name."

"I have no other—go on."

"Is once more with his grandchild." (Here Lionel sighed heavily—sigh like Sophy's.) "You will rejoice yet more to learn that it has pleased Heaven to allow me and another witness, who, some years ago, had been misled into condemning Waife, to be enabled to bear incontrovertible testimony to the complete innocence of my beloved friend; nay, more—I say to you most solemnly, that in all which appeared to attest guilt there has been a virtue, which, if known to Mr. Darrell, would make him bow in reverence to that old man. Tell Mr. Darrell so from me; and add, that in saying it, I expressed my conviction of his own admiring sympathy for all that is noble and heroic."

"Too much—this is too, too much," stammered out Waife, restlessly turning away; "but—but, you are folding up the letter. That is all?—he does not say more?—he does not mention any one else?—eh—eh?"

"No, Sir; that is all."

"Thank Heaven! He is an honorable man! Yet he has said more than he ought—much more than he can prove, or than I—" He broke off, and abruptly asked, "How did Mr. Darrell take these assertions? With an incredulous laugh—eh?—'Why, the old rogue had pleaded guilty!'"

"Sir, Alban Morley was there to speak of the William Losely whom he had known; to explain, from facts which he had collected at the time, of what nature was the evidence *not* brought forward. The motive that induced you to plead guilty I had long guessed; it flashed in an instant on Guy Darrell; it was not mere guess with him! You ask me what he said? This: 'Grand nature! George is right! and [illegible] do bow my head in reverence!'"

"He said *that?*—Guy Darrell? On your honor, he said that?"

"Can you doubt it? Is he not a gentleman?"

Waife was fairly overcome.

"But, Sir," resumed Lionel, "I must not conceal from you, that, though George's letter and Alban Morley's communications sufficed to satisfy Darrell, without farther question, your old friend was naturally anxious to learn a more full account, in the hope of legally substantiating your innocence. He therefore dispatched by the telegraph a request to his nephew to come at once to Fawley. George arrived there yesterday. Do not blame him, Sir, that we share his secret."

"You do? Good Heavens! And that lawyer will be barbarous enough too; but no—he has an interest in not accusing of midnight robbery his daughter's husband; Jasper's secret is safe with him. And Colonel Morley—surely his cruel nephew will not suffer him to make me—me, with one foot in the grave—a witness against my Lizzy's son!"

"Colonel Morley, at Darrell's suggestion, came with me to London; and if he does not accompany me to you, it is because he is even now busied in finding out your son, not to undo, but to complete, the purpose of your self-sacrifice. 'All other considerations,' said Guy Darrell, 'must be merged in this one thought—that such a father shall not have been in vain a martyr.' Colonel Morley is empowered to treat with your son on any terms; but on this condition, that the rest of his life shall inflict no farther pain, no farther fear on you. This is the sole use to which, without your consent, we have presumed to put the secret we have learned. Do you pardon George now?"

Waife's lips murmured inaudibly, but his face grew very bright; and as it was raised upward, Lionel's ear caught the whisper of a name—it was not Jasper, it was "Lizzy."

"Ah! why," said Lionel, sadly, and after a short pause, "why was I not permitted to be the one to attest your innocence—to clear your name? I, who owed to you so vast an hereditary debt! And now—dear, dear Mr. Losely—"

"Hush! Waife!—call me Waife still!—and always."

"Willingly! It is the name by which I have accustomed myself to love you. Now, listen to me. I am dishonored until at least the mere pecuniary debt, due to you from my father, is paid. Hist! hist!—Alban Morley says so—Darrell says so. Darrell says 'he can not own me as kinsman till that debt is canceled.' Darrell lends me the means to do it; he would share his kinsman's ignominy if he did not. Before I could venture even to come hither, the sum due to you from my father was repaid. I hastened to town yesterday evening—saw Mr. Darrell's lawyer. I have taken a great liberty —I have invested this sum already in the purchase of an annuity for you. Mr. Darrell's lawyer had a client who was in immediate want of the sum due to you; and, not wishing permanently to burden his estate by mortgage, would give a larger interest by way of annuity than the public offices would; excellent landed security. The lawyer said it would be a pity to let the opportunity slip, so I ventured to act for you. It was all settled this morning. The particulars are on this paper, which I will leave with you. Of course the sum due to you is not exactly the same as that which my father borrowed before I was born. There is the interest—compound interest; nothing more. I don't understand such matters; Darrell's lawyer made the calculation—it must be right."

Waife had taken the paper, glanced at its contents, dropped it in confusion, amaze. Those hundreds lent swelled into all those thousands returned! And all methodically computed—tersely—arithmetically—down to fractions. So that every farthing seemed, and indeed was, his lawful due. And that sum invested in an annuity of £500 a year!—income which, to poor Gentleman Waife, seemed a prince's revenue!

"It is quite a business-like computation, I tell you, Sir; all done by a lawyer. It is indeed," cried Lionel, dismayed at Waife's look and gesture. "Compound interest *will* run up to what seems a large amount at first; every child knows that. You can't deny Cocker and calculating tables, and that sort of thing. William Losely, you can not leave an eternal load of disgrace on the head of Charles Haughton's son."

"Poor Charlie Haughton," murmured Waife. "And I was feeling bitter against his memory —bitter against his son. How Heaven loves to teach us the injustice that dwells in anger! But —but—this can not be. I thank Mr. Darrell humbly—I can not take his money."

"It is not his money—it is mine; he only advances it to me. It costs him really nothing, for he deducts the £500 a year from the allowance he makes me. And I don't want such an absurd allowance as I had before going out of the Guards into the line—I mean to be a soldier in good earnest. Too much pocket-money spoils a soldier—only gets one into scrapes. Alban Morley says the same. Darrell, too, says 'Right, no gold could buy a luxury like the payment of a father's debt!' You can not grudge me that luxury—you dare not!—why? because you are an honest man."

"Softly, softly, softly," said Waife. "Let me look at you. Don't talk of money now—don't let us think of money! What a look of your father! 'Tis he, 'tis he, whom I see before me! Charlie's sweet bright playful eyes—that might have turned aside from the path of duty—a sheriff's officer! Ah! and Charlie's happy laugh, too, at the slightest joke! But *this* is not Charlie's—it is all your own (touching, with gentle finger, Lionel's broad truthful brow). Poor Charlie, he *was* grieved—you are right—I remember."

"Sir," said Lionel, who was now on one knee by Waife's chair—"Sir, I have never yet asked man for his blessing—not even Guy Darrell. Will you put your hand on my head; and oh! that in the mystic world beyond us, some angel may tell Charles Haughton that William Losely has blessed his son!"

Solemnly, but with profound humility—one hand on the Bible beside him, one on the young soldier's bended head—William Losely blessed Charles Haughton's son—and, having done so, involuntarily his arms opened, and blessing was followed by embrace.

## CHAPTER III.

Nothing so obstinate as a young man's hope; nothing so eloquent as a lover's tongue.

HITHERTO there had been no reference to Sophy. Not Sophy's lover, but Charles Haughton's son had knelt to Waife and received the old man's blessing. But Waife could not be long forgetful of his darling—nor his anxiety on her account. The expression in his varying face changed suddenly. Not half an hour before, Lionel Haughton was the last man in the world to whom willingly he would have consigned his grandchild. Now, of all men in the world Lionel Haughton would have been his choice. He sighed heavily; he comprehended, by his own changed feelings, how tender and profound an affection Lionel Haughton might inspire in a heart so fresh as Sophy's, and so tenacious of the impressions it received. But they were separated forever; she ought not even again to see him. Uneasily Waife glanced toward the open window—rose involuntarily, closed it, and drew down the blind.

"You must go now, young gentleman," said he, almost churlishly.

The quick lover's sense in Lionel divined why the blind was drawn, and the dismissal so abruptly given.

"Give me your address," said Waife; "I will write about—that paper. Don't now stay longer—pray—pray."

"Do not fear, Sir. I am not lingering here with the wish to see—*her!*"

Waife looked down.

"Before I asked the servant to announce me, I took the precaution to learn that you were alone. But a few words more—hear them patiently. Have you any proof that could satisfy Mr. Darrell's reason that your Sophy is his daughter's child?"

"I have Jasper's assurance that she is; and the copy of the nurse's attestation to the same effect. They satisfied me. I would not have asked Mr. Darrell to be as easily contented; I could but have asked him to inquire, and satisfy himself. But he would not even hear me."

"He will hear you now, and with respect."

"He will!" cried Waife, joyously. "And if he should inquire, and if Sophy should prove to be, as I have ever believed, his daughter's child, would he not own, and receive, and cherish her?"

"Alas! Sir, do not let me pain you; but that is not my hope. If, indeed, it should prove that your son deceived you—that Sophy is no way related to him—if she should be the child of peasants, but of honest peasants—why, Sir, *that* is my hope, my last hope—for then I would kneel once more at your feet, and implore your permission to win her affection and ask her hand."

"What! Mr. Darrell would consent to your union with the child of peasants, and not with his own grandchild?"

"Sir, Sir, you rack me to the heart; but if you knew all, you would not wonder to hear me say, 'I dare not ask Mr. Darrell to bless my union with the daughter of Jasper Losely.'"

Waife suppressed a groan, and began to pace the room with disordered steps.

"But," resumed Lionel, "go to Fawley yourself. Seek Darrell; compare the reasons for your belief with his for rejecting it. At this moment his pride is more subdued than I have ever known it. He will go calmly into the investigation of facts; the truth will become clear. Sir—dear, dear Sir—I am not without a hope."

"A hope that the child I have so cherished should be nothing in the world to me!"

"Nothing to you! Is memory such a shadow? —is affection such a weathercock? Has the love between you and Sophy been only the instinct of kindred blood? Has it not been hallowed by all that makes Age and Childhood so pure a blessing to each other, rooted in trials borne together? Were you not the first who taught her, in wanderings, in privations, to see a Mother in Nature, and pray to a Father which is in Heaven? Would all this be blotted out of your souls if she were not the child of that son whom it chills you to remember? Sir, if there be no tie to replace the mere bond of kindred, why have you taken such vigilant pains to separate a child from him whom you believe to be her father?"

Waife stood motionless and voiceless. This passionate appeal struck him forcibly.

"And, Sir," added Lionel, in a lower, sadder tone—"can I ask you, whose later life has been one sublime self-sacrifice, whether you would rather that you might call Sophy grandchild, and know her wretched, than know her but as the infant angel whom Heaven sent to your side when bereaved and desolate, and know also that she was happy? Oh, William Losely, pray with me that Sophy may not be your grandchild. Her home will not be less your home—her attachment will not less replace to you your lost son—and on your knee her children may learn to lisp the same prayers that you taught to her. Go to Darrell—go—go! and take me with you!"

"I will—I will!" exclaimed Waife; and snatching at his hat and staff—"Come—come! But Sophy should not learn that you have been here—that I have gone away with you; it might set her thinking, dreaming, hoping—all to end in greater sorrow." He bustled out of the room to caution the old woman, and to write a few hasty lines to Sophy herself—assuring her, on his most solemn honor, that he was not now flying from her to resume his vagrant life—that, without fail, please Heaven, he would return that night or the next day.

In a few minutes he reopened the room door, beckoning silently to Lionel, and then stole into the quiet lane with quick steps.

## CHESS CHRONICLE.

### BY C. H. STANLEY.

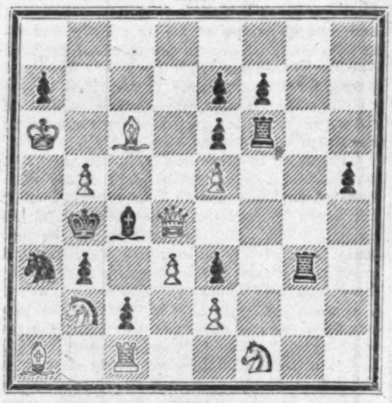
### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"DUDLEY." In Problem IV. it is true that Black can take White Queen on the second move; but should he do so, he pays the penalty by being mated on the fourth. Thus: 2. K takes Q; 3. Kt checks; and 4. Rook mates. ——"TRIO" is handed over to the examiner; also the contributions of G. B. L., C. D., and F. R. We trust next week to be enabled to reduce our files by a resort to the publishing of enigmas, as referred to in our last. ——G. B. L. (Beverly). The laws bearing upon *stalemate* are very clearly defined at the present day. In such contingency the game is drawn. ——J. H. W. We think our No. IV., by "JACOBUS," has been well-digested, and is quite sound. ——Correct solutions of Problem VI. have been received from A. O. W. (who will accept our thanks for hint on notation), C. T., "ALCARNER," J. R., and M. N. W. M. R. and A. O. W. are also correct as to No. V. in every particular. ——R. M. C. (Smithfield, Va.). Solution quite correct—also that sent formerly. Lewis, Walker, and Staunton are among the most sterling of modern Chess authors, and can be ordered through any bookseller. ——"S. LOYD" (Florence, N. J.). Accept our thanks for valuable contributions. ——C. H. S. Will write by post. ——S. F. The Staunton and Morphy imbroglio is a painful subject. We think Mr. M.'s conduct throughout has been high-minded and unexceptionable.

### PROBLEM VII.

### BY S. LOYD.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and checkmate in three moves.

### SOLUTION TO PROBLEM VI.

| | WHITE. | BLACK. |
|---|---|---|
| 1. | Kt to Q 5 | K takes P (*) |
| 2. | Kt to B 7 (dis ch) | K to Kt 5 (best) |
| 3. | Q to R 2 | Any thing |
| 4. | Kt checkmates | |
| 1. | Or (*) | B to Q 7 |
| 2. | Q to B 5 | P takes P, etc. |
| 3. | K to K 6 | Any thing |
| 4. | Q checkmates | |

## CHESS BY TELEGRAPH.

### PHILADELPHIA *versus* NEW YORK.

The Chess world in these parts, as also in Philadelphia and its vicinity, has been set all agog by the announcement, and, in fact, commencement, of a consultation match between the strong men of the respective Chess circles of those cities; said match to be played through the telegraphic wires, gratuitously placed at their disposal by the *American Telegraphic Company.* The terms of the match—which will consist of two or more games, should the latter become necessary to effect a decisive result—are such as usually guide encounters by consultation, when players, although advising among themselves, are yet forbidden to touch the pieces until a move be decided upon. The Philadelphia Committee of players embraces Messrs. H. F. Montgomery, N. G. Thomas, P. Randolph, Lewis Elkin, and S. Lewis; for their umpire they named Mr. C. H. Stanley, of New York. The Committee of the New York players are Messrs. Theodore Lichtenhein, C. D. Mead, James Thompson, D. W. Fiske, and F. Perrin, being represented by Professor Allen, of Philadelphia, as their second.

On Tuesday evening last the New York players assembled punctually at six o'clock at the Rotunda Rooms in the Merchants' Exchange, where the amplest accommodations, both for the parties engaged and for the public at large, were provided by Mr. Walker, the proprietor. The Philadelphians assembled at a like hour at their temporary rendezvous—the office of the Telegraph Company.

Although six o'clock was the time named for the commencement of the first game, yet accidental delay occurring, the first move, falling to the lot of New York, was not made until near seven, at which hour the attendance was very large. Twelve moves only had been made, when, according to a preliminary agreement, half past nine o'clock caused the adjournment of proceedings until the evening following, when, at a similar hour, the spacious rooms of the Rotunda were positively crowded. Seven additional moves were added to the game on this occasion, when play was again adjourned until Saturday, the 20th instant, and hard fighting may be expected.

### THE GAME.

| | *New York.* | *Philadelphia.* |
|---|---|---|
| 1. | P to Q 4 (*a*) | P to K 3 |
| 2. | P to Q B 4 | P to Q 4 |
| 3. | Q Kt to B 3 | Kt to K B 3 |
| 4. | K Kt to B 3 | P to Q B 4 |
| 5. | P to K 3 | Kt to Q B 3 |
| 6. | P to Q R 3 | P to Q Kt 3 |
| 7. | Q B P takes P | K Kt takes P |
| 8. | K B to Q Kt 5 | Q B to Q 2 |
| 9. | Q Kt takes Kt | P takes Kt |
| 10. | Castles | P to Q R 3 |
| 11. | B takes Kt | B takes B |
| 12. | Kt to K 5 (*b*) | Q to B 2 |
| 13. | Q to K Kt 4 | Q B to Q 2 |
| 14. | Q to K B 3 | Q B to K 3 |
| 15. | Q to K 2 | K B to Q 3 |
| 16. | P to K B 4 | Q B to K B 4 |
| 17. | P to Q Kt 3 | B to K 5 |
| 18. | B to Q Kt 2 | P to K R 4 |
| 19. | Kt to K B 3 | K to K B |

And the game was adjourned, New York having the move.

NOTES.

(*a*) A proposition of the New York players having been declined by *the party of the other part*, that "P to K 4" should constitute the first move for both, the New Yorkers justly concluded that they had reason to look for a *close game*, and they herein act accordingly. Any thing like attempt at criticism on the play, at the present stage of the game, would, of course, be in the worst taste.

(*b*) At this period the game was adjourned, to be resumed, at next sitting, by the Philadelphians.

## THINGS WISE AND OTHERWISE.

A WIT, recently calling at the house of a friend, found the lady of the mansion engaged in fomenting a couple of black eyes, which had been received in a fight by her youngest son, a Charterhouse school-boy. "A bigger boy tried to take away Charley's marbles," said Mamma, "and struck him in the face." "But I kept my marbles, Ma," cried the young hero. "Exactly," said the wit,

"Whacks to receive, and marble to retain."

A RAILWAY ACCIDENT.—A dividend, nowadays.

Sheridan agreed with Walker that the pronunciation of *wind* should be *wynde*, but insisted, contrary to Walker, that *gold* should be *goold*. Mr. Sheridan tells us that Swift used to jeer those who pronounced wind with a short i, by saying, "I have a great minn'd to finn'd why you pronounce it winn'd." An illiberal critic retorted this upon Mr. Sheridan, by saying, "If I may be so boold, I should be glad to be toold why you pronounce it goold."

In society, wholesales don't mix with retails; raw wool doesn't speak to halfpenny balls of worsted; tallow in the cask looks down upon sixes to the pound; and pig-iron turns up its nose at tenpenny nails.

## ALL ABOUT NOTHING.

An apostate is a human wind-mill, who makes his bread by turning.

We should not care so much about growing old, if others didn't see it.

Impudence frequently arises from a desire to please and the fear of not succeeding.

You may compare imagination to a pretty young girl who cheats at cards. The cheating is so agreeable, and withal so playful, that, far from stopping the game, you rather encourage the young lady in her tricks.

A Frenchman carries France about with him every where. In Leicester Square, or America—at sea, or outside an omnibus—you can always tell that he is a Frenchman. When traveling, his great idea is, in thinking about how to get back again to France. He never should travel out of his own country. He would give the grandest view in the world to catch a glimpse of his beloved Paris. To him the Universe is comprised in the four corners of the Boulevards. Elsewhere are only so many realms of *ennui*.

## PHYSIOLOGY OF PUBLIC ORATORY.

In public oratory words would seem to take a far higher rank than ideas. You hear many a mute inglorious Demosthenes, stuttering to express himself, say that "he was at a loss for words;" but you never heard any one yet—not even a vestryman, or an Irishman—who had the honesty to excuse himself by saying that "he really was at a loss for ideas."

## NOTIONS, BOTH RUDE AND CRUDE.

Love is a Radical, Friendship a Conservative.

A little property brings as much trouble with it as a large one.

Those who never admire others are rarely admired themselves.

The worst form of ingratitude is to refuse to accept a favor from the hands of a person to whom you have had the pleasure of rendering one.

The reason why justice is so often denied is because it is demanded as a right. We have a notion that if it were solicited as a favor it would be much more frequently conceded.

Many a fool goes into society to run away from himself; but if others run away from him, instantly he gets offended: and yet it strikes us that the latter are only following the good example that had been set to them in the first instance by the fool himself.

Flattery to a French fashionable woman becomes, after a time, almost as indispensable as rouge; but then with the one as with the other, it all depends upon the delicacy of the application!

Fame is a Temple one can only mount a step at a time. As a Frenchman would say: "*On n'y arrive que par degrés.*"

Instantly another is attacked, how eagerly we all cry out, "Send for the doctor!" and yet we rarely think of calling in his services till the very last moment ourselves! Isn't it pretty much the same with philosophy?

A Steuben County friend writes to *Harper's Weekly:* "I have an acquaintance by the name of Pone Orton. He is a man of one idea, and that idea is plug tobacco. His definition of necessaries and luxuries of life would be —plenty of plug tobacco. He chews and smokes it immensely. One day having an order on a small country store, he presented it, and was told it was good for any thing they had in the store. He inquired if they had any good plug tobacco, which was answered in the affirmative. 'Wa'al, then,' said he, 'I guess I'll take about four pounds;' which was weighed, and the merchant inquired, with his best bow, 'What next?' Pone scratched his head and deliberated for some time; but at last said, as though he had solved a very difficult problem, 'Wa'al, I guess I might as well take a couple pounds more of that tobacco;' which was weighed and placed with the other, and the inquiry repeated, 'What next?' Pone was in a quandary, and went off into another brown study. The merchant waggishly suggested that he had some very nice plug tobacco. Pone raised his head, a smile irradiating his countenance as though the suggestion had brought to his mind a long-sought idea, and said, 'Oh, yes! I'll take the balance in tobacco.'"

One of the neatest replies we ever read of was that of a certain earl marshal, who, being found fault with by his sovereign for some misarrangement of a coronation, said, "Please your Majesty, I will try and do better next time."

"Taking the one with the other," said the Rev. Sydney Smith, "I believe my congregation are the most exemplary observers of the religious ordinances; for the poor keep all the fasts, and the rich all the feasts."

A man recently *walked* two days *running*, and was *weak* a *fortnight* afterward.

Squibbs wants to know whether doctors, by looking at the tongue of a wagon, can tell what ails it.

A duel was fought in Mississippi, last month, by S. Knott and A. W. Shott. The result was, Knott was shot, and Shott was not. Under those circumstances we should rather have been Shott than Knott.

Oh, LAW!—What a roundabout way lawyers have of drawing up deeds and documents. It is almost enough to frighten a nervous person from "going to law at all." The following is a fair sample: "Suppose a man wished to give another an orange. Instead of making a simple declaration, and saying, 'I give you that orange,' he must set forth his 'act and deed' in this way: 'I do hereby give you, all and singular, my estate and interest, right, title, and claim, and advantage of and in that orange, with all its rind, skin, juice, pulp, and pips, and all rights and advantages therein, with full power to cut, suck, bite, or otherwise eat the same orange, or give the same away, with or without its skin, rind, juice, pulp, and pips, any thing heretofore or hereinafter, or in any other deed or deeds, instruments of what kind or nature to the contrary to anywise, notwithstanding.'"

## OLD SAWS WITH MODERN READINGS.

"Don't count your Chickens before they are Hatched."—Enumerate not your adolescent pullets ere they cease to be oviform.

"Sauce for the Goose is sauce for the Gander."—The culinary adornments which suffice for the female of the race Anser, may be relished also with the masculine adult of the same species.

"Let Well-enough Alone."—Suffer a healthy sufficiency to remain in solitude.

"Put a Beggar on Horseback, and he will ride to the Devil."—Establish a mendicant upon the uppermost section of a charger, and he will transport himself to Apollyon.

"The least Said, the soonest Mended."—The minimum of an offensive remark is cobbled with the greatest promptitude.

"'Tis an ill Wind that blows nobody Good."—That gale is truly diseased which puffeth benefaction to nonentity.

"Looking two Ways for Sunday."—Scrutinizing in duple directions for the Christian Sabbath.

"A Stitch in Time saves Nine."—The first impression of a needle upon a rent obviateth a nine-fold introduction.

"GO MARRY."—The most beautiful flowers are those which are double, such as double pinks, double roses, and double dahlias. What an argument is this against the chilling deformity of single blessedness! "Go marry!" is written on every thing beautiful that the eye rests upon, beginning with the birds of paradise and ending with apple-blossoms.

Mr. Oberon, a man about town, was lately invited to a sewing party. The next day a friend asked him how the entertainment came off! "Oh, it was very amusing," replied Mr. Oberon, "the ladies hemmed and I hawed."

A priest said to a peasant whom he thought rude, "You are better fed than taught." "Shud think I was," replied the clodhopper, "as I feeds myself and you teaches me."

## FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

FRANKLIN SQUARE, *Monday, Nov.* 22, 1858.

THE foreign trade of the port for the past week compares as follows with that of the corresponding week last year:

| | Imports. | Exports. |
|---|---|---|
| Week ending Nov. 20, 1858 | $811,754 | $1,356,135 |
| Corresponding week, 1857 | 738,355 | 2,111,469 |
| Increase | $73,399 | |
| Decrease | | $755,334 |

The following table of the trade of the United States for the last fiscal year has been published in the papers:

| IMPORTS FOR THE YEAR 1857–58. | | |
|---|---|---|
| Dutiable Goods | | $202,293,875 |
| Free Goods | | 61,044,779 |
| Specie and Bullion | | 19,274,496 |
| Total Imports for the year | | $282,613,150 |
| **EXPORTS FOR THE YEAR 1857–58.** | | |
| Domestic Produce | | $251,351,033 |
| Foreign Produce and Merchandise | | 20,660,241 |
| Domestic Specie and Bullion | $42,407,246 | |
| Foreign do. | 10,225,901 | |
| | | 52,633,147 |
| Total Exports for the year | | $324,644,421 |

The export of specie for the week has been very small—only $13,832. Foreign Exchange now rules too low for specie to go abroad: Sterling is quoted at 108½ @ 109; Francs at 5.20 @ 5.15. Money is unchanged in value. We quote call loans at 3 @ 4; short first-class paper, 3½ @ 4½; longer dates, and second-class, 5 @ 6 @ 8 @ 10, according to length and quality.

Stocks declined in the early part of the week, but have rallied since. State stocks and first-class bonds are higher; the speculative descriptions have a declining tendency. The following will show the movement of the week:

| | Nov. 13. | Nov. 20. |
|---|---|---|
| Missouri 6's | 89¾ | 90 |
| New York Central | 82½ | 83 |
| Erie | 16¼ | 16¾ |
| Hudson River | 32¾ | 34¼ |
| Reading | 50¾ | 52¼ |
| Panama | 119 | 120½ |
| Michigan Southern, guaranteed | 51 | 51½ |
| Michigan Central | 52 | 54 |
| Galena | 73½ | 72¼ |
| Rock Island | 64¼ | 62¾ |
| Illinois Central | 79½ | 79¼ |
| Pacific Mail | 103 | 103 |

## WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

NEW YORK, *Monday, Nov.* 22, 1858.

During the early part of the week Flour, Wheat, and Corn were in fair request at buoyant rates. Within the past two days they have been in slack demand at declining prices. Rye and Barley have been moderately inquired for, and have advanced. Oats have been dull and heavy....Cotton has been more sought after, and it closes a shade firmer....Provisions have been unsettled, closing heavily, especially for the leading Hog Products ....Groceries, Naval Stores, Oils, and Tobacco have been rather lightly dealt in....Hides, Leather, and Wool have been in active demand at improving prices....Hay has been in fair request....The recurrence of Thanksgiving Day has interrupted business in Dry Goods; yet heavier sales from first hands have been made than sellers had hoped to effect, especially of goods adapted to the late Winter and early Spring trade, for which fair prices have been obtained. Cottons, light Woolens, and Unions have been plenty. Heavy Woolens have been less abundant. The Dry Goods import during the week amounted to $811,754 against $738,355 the corresponding week of last year....The value of the imports since January 1 reached $53,958,427 against $87,528,398 the same week last year. The movements in other commodities were moderate, and unproductive of any remarkable alterations....We append a revised list of the closing prices for the leading articles:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Unsound State Flour, per bbl. | $3 40 | @ | $4 20 |
| Superfine to extra State, per barrel | 4 30 | @ | 5 00 |
| Superfine to fancy Western, per barrel | 4 30 | @ | 5 00 |
| Extra Western, per barrel | 4 70 | @ | 8 50 |
| Fancy to extra Genesee, per barrel | 5 40 | @ | 7 75 |
| Extra Canadian, per barrel | 5 20 | @ | 6 25 |
| Mixed to Extra Southern, per barrel | 5 00 | @ | 9 00 |
| Fine to Superfine Rye Flour, per bbl. | 3 30 | @ | 4 25 |
| Corn Meal, per barrel | 3 75 | @ | 4 25 |
| White Wheat, per bushel | 1 15 | @ | 1 50 |
| Red Wheat, per bushel | 70 | @ | 1 27 |
| Mixed Western Corn, per bushel | 74 | @ | — |
| Rye, per bushel | 70 | @ | 75 |
| Barley, per bushel | 70 | @ | 90 |
| Western Oats, per bushel | 49 | @ | 52 |
| State Oats, per bushel | 46 | @ | 49 |
| Jersey and Penn. Oats, per bushel | 43 | @ | 47 |
| Southern Oats, per bushel | 40 | @ | 45 |
| Cotton, middlings, per pound | 11½ | @ | 11¾ |
| Mess Pork, per barrel | 17 50 | @ | — |
| Prime Pork, per barrel | 13 87 | @ | 14 00 |
| Country Mess Beef, per barrel | 8 00 | @ | 9 50 |
| Cut Meats, per pound | 6 | @ | 9½ |
| Lard, per pound | 10½ | @ | 11 |
| State Butter, per pound | 15 | @ | 26 |
| Western Butter, per pound | 12 | @ | 18 |
| Cheese, per pound | 7 | @ | 9 |
| Rice, per 100 pounds | 2 75 | @ | 3 62 |
| Rio Coffee, per pound | 9½ | @ | 12 |
| Cuba Sugar, per pound | 5½ | @ | 7½ |
| Cuba Molasses, per gallon | 20 | @ | 26 |
| New Orleans Sugar, per pound | 6½ | @ | 8½ |
| New Orleans Molasses, per gallon | Nominal. | | |
| Hyson Teas, per pound | 26 | @ | 60 |
| Oolong Teas, per pound | 25 | @ | 55 |
| Domestic Whisky, per gallon | 22½ | @ | 23 |
| Hops, new, per pound | 10 | @ | 15 |
| Hops, per pound, 1857 | 4 | @ | 7 |
| Hay, per 100 pounds | 45 | @ | 70 |
| Tallow, per pound | 10 | @ | — |
| Crude Turpentine, per 280 pounds | — | @ | — |
| Spirits Turpentine, per gallon | 50 | @ | — |
| Tar, per barrel | 2 37 | @ | 2 75 |
| Common Rosin, per 310 pounds | 1 50 | @ | — |
| Linseed Oil, per gallon | 60 | @ | — |
| Kentucky Tobacco, per pound | 7 | @ | 14 |
| Seed Leaf Tobacco | 6 | @ | 25 |
| American Fleece Wool, per pound | 32 | @ | 56 |
| " Pulled Wool | 32 | @ | 43 |

Freights were dull. For Liverpool—Flour, 1s. 3d. @ 1s. 6d. per barrel; Grain, 4½d. @ 5½d. per bushel; Cotton, 7-32d. @ ¼d. per pound; Heavy Goods, 12s. 6d. @ 17s. 6d. per ton. For other ports proportionate rates.

The Live Stock Markets last Weddesday were heavily stocked with Beeves, yet prices were well supported. The demand was good....Milch Cows have been in fair request at full rates....Veal Calves were plenty, and a shade cheaper....Sheep and Lambs were pretty actively inquired for at somewhat firmer prices....Swine were abundant and in demand at uniform rates....The total receipts at the leading City Markets during each of the last two weeks compare thus:

| | Week ending *Nov.* 10. | Week ending *Nov.* 17. |
|---|---|---|
| Beeves | 5,156 | 5,119 |
| Milch Cows | 195 | 220 |
| Veal Calves | 674 | 650 |
| Sheep and Lambs | 10,914 | 11,012 |
| Swine | 20,126 | 26,045 |

Of the Forty-fourth Street Market supply of Beeves last Wednesday there were received from

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Ohio | 1631 | Kentucky | 135 |
| Illinois | 833 | Missouri | 82 |
| New York | 627 | Texas | 77 |
| Indiana | 337 | New Jersey | 18 |

The range of prices according to the actual sales of Live Stock at the leading City Markets last Wednesday was as follows:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Poor to premium Beeves, per pound | $ 5 | @ | $ 9½ |
| Common to ex. Milch Cows, per head | 25 00 | @ | 70 00 |
| Veal Calves, per pound | 2½ | @ | 7½ |
| Sheep and Lambs, per head | 2 50 | @ | 6 00 |
| " " per pound | 4 | @ | 5½ |
| Live Swine, per pound | 4½ | @ | 5½ |
| Dressed " " | 6½ | @ | 7½ |
| Roasting Pigs, each | 1 00 | @ | 2 00 |

The Country Produce Markets have been rather dull during the week. The demand for the leading kinds has been moderate. Supplies generally have been fair. Eggs are quite scarce and are stiffly held. Poultry and Game have been more freely offered.

WHOLESALE PRICES OBTAINED BY PRODUCERS AT WASHINGTON MARKET.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Apples, new, per barrel | $1 75 | @ | $ 3 50 |
| Quinces, per barrel | 3 00 | @ | 6 00 |
| Citron, per 100 | 1 50 | @ | 3 50 |
| Chestnuts, per bushel | 3 00 | @ | 4 00 |
| Hickory Nuts, per bushel | 1 50 | @ | 2 00 |
| Dried Peaches, per pound | 14 | @ | 17 |
| Dried Apples, per pound | 6½ | @ | 7½ |
| Potatoes, per barrel | 87 | @ | 2 25 |
| Potatoes, sweet, per barrel | 1 50 | @ | 2 75 |
| Onions, per barrel | 1 50 | @ | 2 50 |
| Turnips, per barrel | 75 | @ | 1 00 |
| Beets, per barrel | 1 25 | @ | 1 50 |
| Carrots, per barrel | 1 25 | @ | 1 50 |
| Parsnips, per barrel | 1 25 | @ | 1 50 |
| Cabbage, per 100 | 1 25 | @ | 4 00 |
| Cabbage, Red, per 100 | 1 25 | @ | 4 00 |
| Cranberries, per barrel | 11 00 | @ | 16 00 |
| Pumpkins, per 100 | 5 00 | @ | 8 00 |
| Spinach, per barrel | 37 | @ | 50 |
| Tomatoes, per bushel | 1 00 | @ | — |
| Celery, table, per dozen bunches | 75 | @ | 1 25 |
| Celery, Soup, per dozen bunches | 20 | @ | 25 |
| Garlic, per 100 bunches | 3 50 | @ | 4 00 |
| Cauliflowers, per 100 | 5 00 | @ | 8 00 |
| Salad, per dozen heads | 18 | @ | 37 |
| Parsley, per 100 bunches | 1 00 | @ | 2 00 |
| Eggs, N. Y. and N. J., per dozen | 23 | @ | 25 |
| Eggs, Western, per dozen | 22 | @ | 23 |
| Chickens, per pair | 44 | @ | 81 |
| Fowls, per pound | 10 | @ | 14 |
| Fowls, per pair | 50 | @ | 1 00 |
| Geese, per pound | 8 | @ | 12 |
| Turkeys, per pound | 8 | @ | 14 |
| Wild Turkeys, each | 2 00 | @ | 4 00 |
| Ducks, per pound | 10 | @ | 14 |
| " black, per pair | 50 | @ | 75 |
| " read head, per pair | 50 | @ | 85 |
| " canvass-back, per pair | 2 00 | @ | 2 50 |
| " widgeon, per pair | 37 | @ | 62 |
| Pigeons, per dozen | 1 25 | @ | 1 75 |
| Woodcock, per dozen | 3 00 | @ | 4 00 |
| Partridge, per pair | 56 | @ | 87 |
| English Snipe, per dozen | 2 00 | @ | 2 50 |
| Quail, per dozen | 2 25 | @ | 2 75 |
| Rabbits, per pair | 31 | @ | 37 |
| Venison, per pound | 9 | @ | 12 |
| Bear's Meat, per pound | 18 | @ | 20 |

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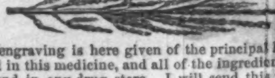

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